THE ARTISAN

G. A. Ohlsson

H. L. Dillich

E. E. Hostetler

D. Trite

Coach

Blanche K. Truman

Printed and Bound by the Printing Department of
Manual Arts High School.

The

ARTISAN

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR A'S
OF MANUAL ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

The Class of Summer Fourteen

dedicate this book to those who have been our guides and friends from our Freshman to our Senior year,

Miss Amy E. Perry

and

Forrest C. Bailey.

Amy L. Perry

Forrest Bailey

Albert E. Wilson, Principal

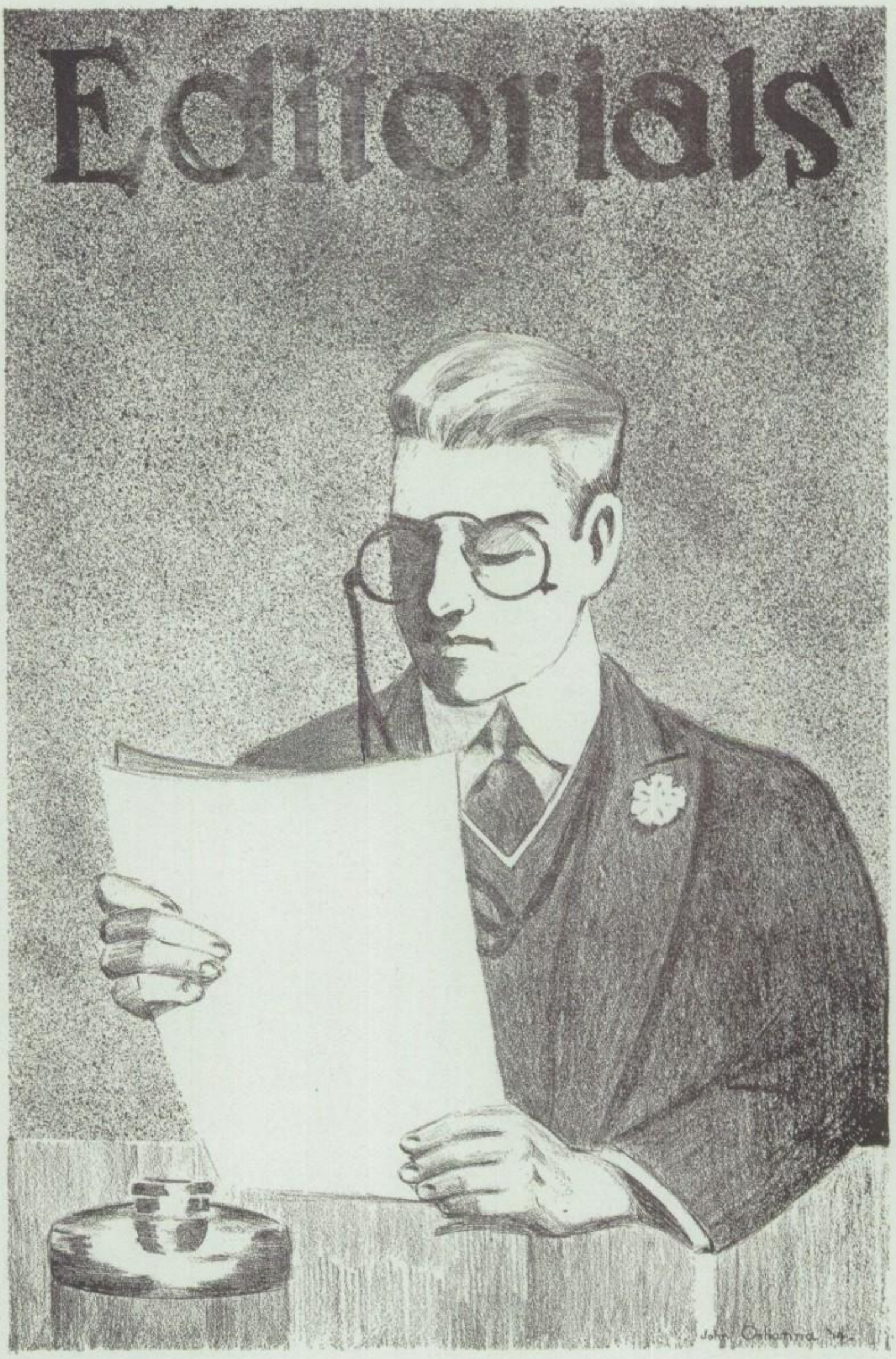
Jeannette
Colwell
A E Wilson

Artisan Editor and Manager

Lew Wilson Wiles.

Robert M. Jones

Editorials



MANUAL ARTS

Then—Now—Hereafter

THEN

Few are the numbered ones left who can look back at the past and reflect upon the old days at Manual. With the outgoing tide that sweeps this Senior A class from the quiet shoals out into different currents, all but a few will have been erased from the white sands of Manual Arts, leaving the new generation sparkling in the sun, radiant with hope and ambition.

Let us look back into the past a little. Can you picture the scene. The North and South building, with the long board walk between. We were styled the "Country Cousin," and the surroundings and our appearance sure did fit the title. We walked in dust, breathed and ate it. You could write your name on your desk five minutes after cleaning it, and at lunch time, at the lunch counter all the food resembled chocolate eclair. But we put up with it and did hard work under trying conditions.

Our assembly hall was what is now the machine shop. The floor space in the middle was taken up with school seats, while on each side tiers of bleachers ran up to the roof. In front, against the wall, was a rude board stage, about the size of a cracker box. Our assemblies were "Overhanging"; that is to say, the gallery gods presided over the assembly in the rafters. It was like the days of Shakespeare's Court Theatre, only the mob occupied the boxes and the aristocrats the pit. The rough comedy was enjoyed by all, since our playhouse was rough and the play likewise. We were as a settlement on the border, rough and ready, and the conduct of some of our students at that time was of the same caliber. Our social activities were few and the appetite for study was at that time marvelous.

Our athletic field was a snow drift of dust, and as we were not equipped with snow shoes and skis, we did not try to outdo Norway in her sports, but picked the few hard spots to practice football and a few track events. A small school paper was edited every once in a while, which published the doings of our "skule."

The car service and street facilities were simply marvelous. We had a sentry posted on the top of the North building, and when he sighted a San Pedro car coming down Vermont, he gave the signal and school was adjourned for a recess, while the said electric vehicle plowed its way past our school. Noise? Oh, no! You could hear it when it stopped at San Pedro and school was resumed. The conductor and motorman only made one trip, after that they retired with pensions and white beards to their homes.

Such were the early days at Manual; maybe I put too much paint on the brush, but after it dries out, it will be a pretty good picture.

NOW

You know what Manual Arts is today. The leading and finest-equipped High School in Southern California. What more do you want? Look around you at the facilities, the equipment. Beautiful, spacious, clean, white buildings, surrounded by beautiful lawns and flowers, that will soon be a tangled Fairyland. With the largest seating capacity and stage of any high school in the world. Our athletic field, manual shops and print shop, tennis courts, truck gardens and cafeteria. Anything else. Yes! Two things which, without them, Manual Arts would not exist, our Faculty and our Student Body—the best set of men, women, girls, and boys ever gathered together under one roof.

What a change! We appreciate the artistic and beautiful things of every sort. In conduct, we are ladies and gentlemen. On our school was thrown the dregs of the other high schools, those that were to be given another chance. Can you imagine what Manual Arts had to labor under? But the garden is weeded out and Manual Arts has a clean reputation.

HEREAFTER

It's up to you. The coming generation of Manual Arts. We are on top, let's stay there. Will it come to the time that Manual will not be able to lose. Will the time come that you will not turn out unless your team is victorious. Remember Los Angeles High School, there is your example.

Play the game hard in your studies and athletics, and play it straight from the shoulder.

Manual Arts is an infant, five years old. What will she be at ten years? It's up to you, the students of Manual Arts.

For all of us together, in all sorts of weather,
For you and I together, will try

To establish for Manual Arts the reputation of a High School for work, a good winner, but a better loser.

Your President,

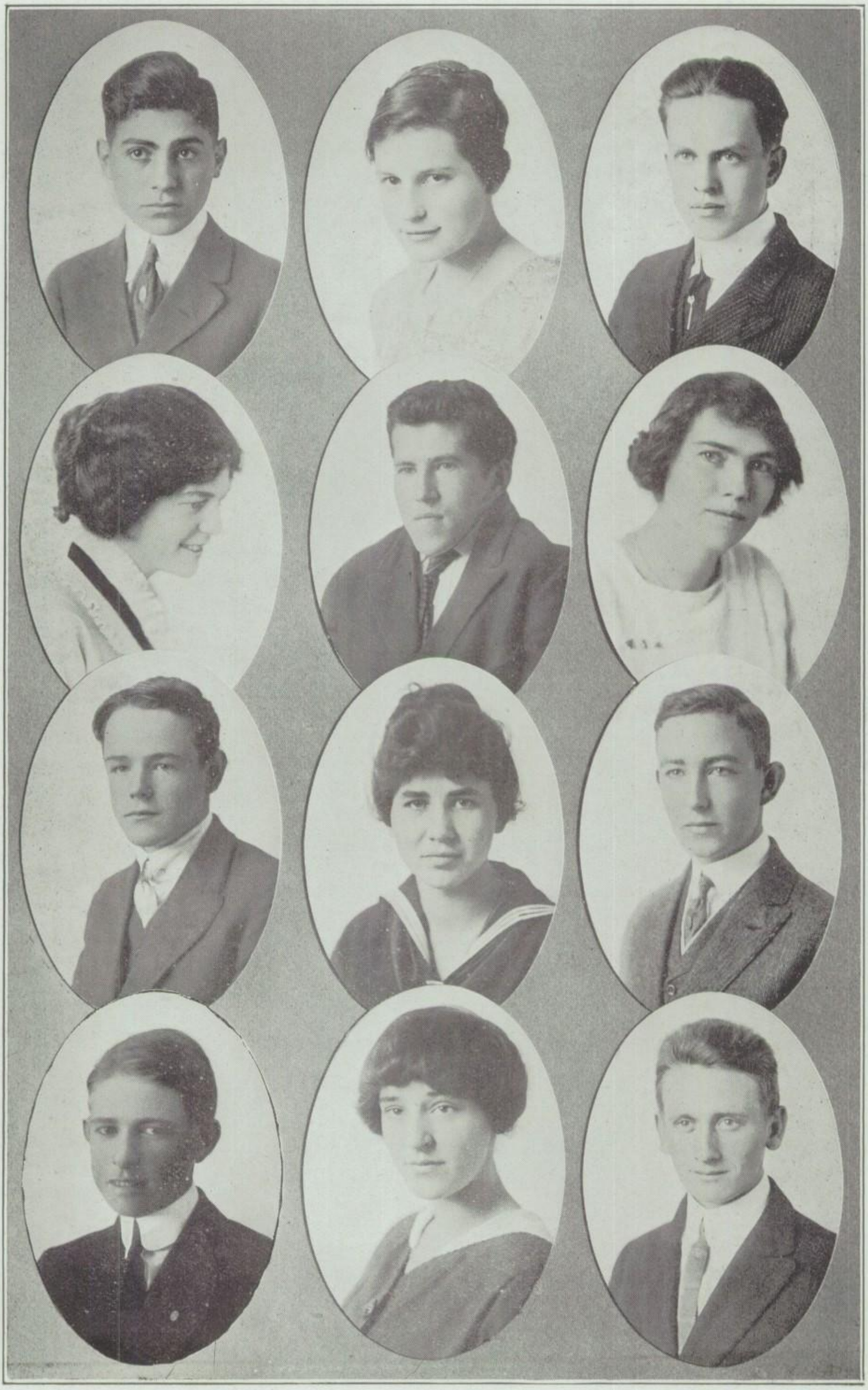
LANGDON SMEAD.

To successfully edit a book with these proportions it is necessary that much time be put on its preparation. The staff earnestly believes that it has spent all the time necessary. There are some mistakes. There are some places where, if the book were to be printed again, some revisions would be made.

We have tried to treat everyone fairly. No one who has asked for recognition in the present Artisan has been refused unless the staff has believed it has had sufficient reason for doing so.

No attempt has been made to produce a laugh on every page. We believe that those magazines which have humor reduced to a science should have the field. An annual is not one of these. The pages of the Artisan are filled largely with the activities of the graduating class. This class is too full of the responsibilities which they are so soon to take upon their shoulders to wish that their annual be an enlarged edition of a popular humorous weekly.

Many thanks are due the members of the faculty who have so enthusiastically helped us.



Artisan Staff

Staff

Editor-in-chief ..... Lew Wiles

Assistant Editor ..... Lucile Watson

Business Manager ..... Robert Jones

Circulation ..... Edward Davis

Organizations ..... Elmer King

Pedagogues ..... Charlotte Knapp

Class Activities ..... Marian Clancy
Vida Eddy
Taisey Darling

Exchanges ..... Glenn Mack

Sports ..... Clyde Freeman

Joshes ..... Alexander Morrison

Artists ..... Ruth Hammond
John Oshanna

Photographer ..... Bryan Earnest

SENIORS
C. Patten

Senior A Officers

J. Jay Smith, Pres.

Taisey May Darling, Sec.
Grove Elbert Brown, Treas.

Vida Vetina Eddy, V. Pres.
Jesse Frampton, V. Pres.

Josephine Abberley

Lillian Abrams
German Club, 4.

Pauline C. Adams
German Club, 4.

Georgia Gladys Allen

Marie Virginia Allen
Spanish Club, 3, 4.

Dorthy Armstrong
Latin Club, 4.

Inez Cornelia Bailey
Spanish Club, 4.

Joseph J. Bailey

Gwendolyne Lannes Baker
Mimerian, 1.
Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.
Adelphic, 2, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Louis Ballenger
S. B. O. Chief Acct., 2, 3, 4.
S. B. O. Manager, 4.
Council, 4.
Board of Managers, 4.
Manager Candy Dept., 3, 4.
Dollar Marks, 3, 4.

Caroline W. Ball

Ralph G. Bangerter
Commercial Club, 2, 3, 4.

Ethyl Irene Barnes
Hockey, 2, 3, 4.
Hockey Captain, 3.
Spanish Club, 4.

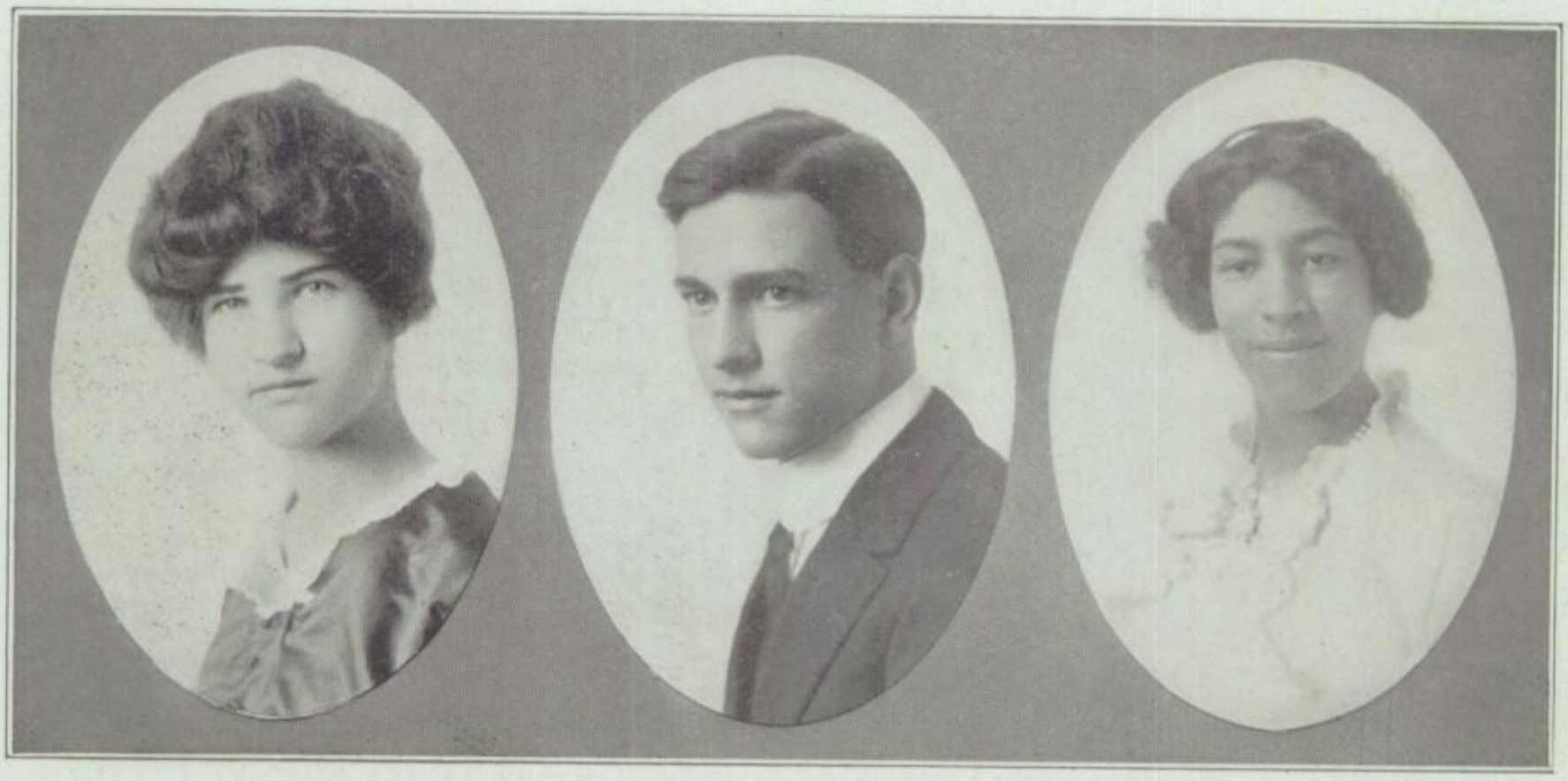
Albert Beck
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

Lora May Bernard
Pen and Pencil, 2.
Hockey, 4.

Adelaide Black

Oliver Blake

Lottie M. Bolds
Fancy Dancing Accomp., 4.
Spanish Club, 4.



Lillian E. Bolstad
Dollar Marks, 4.

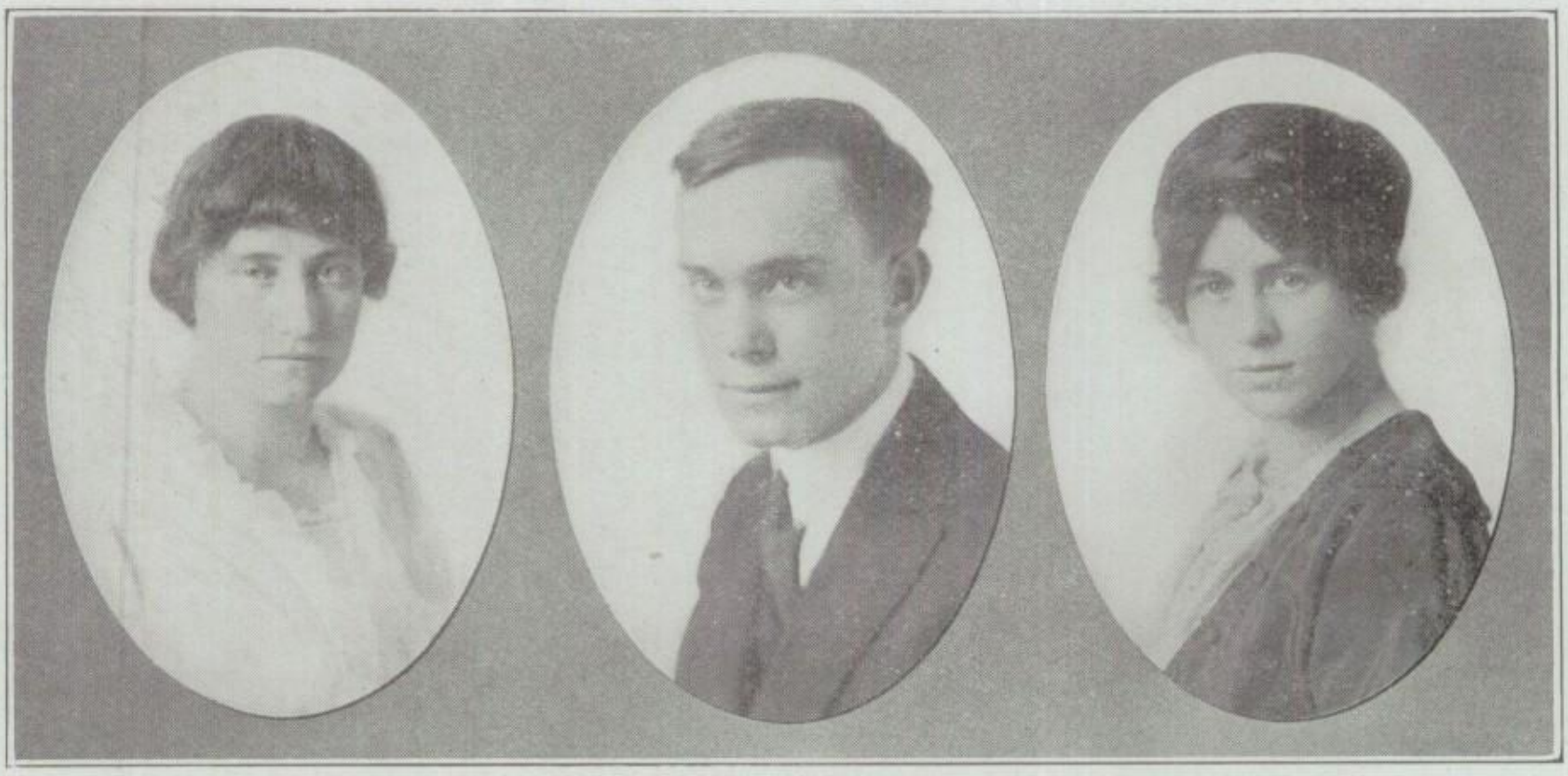
Marion Fay Brashear
Council, 2.
Self Government, 2, 3.

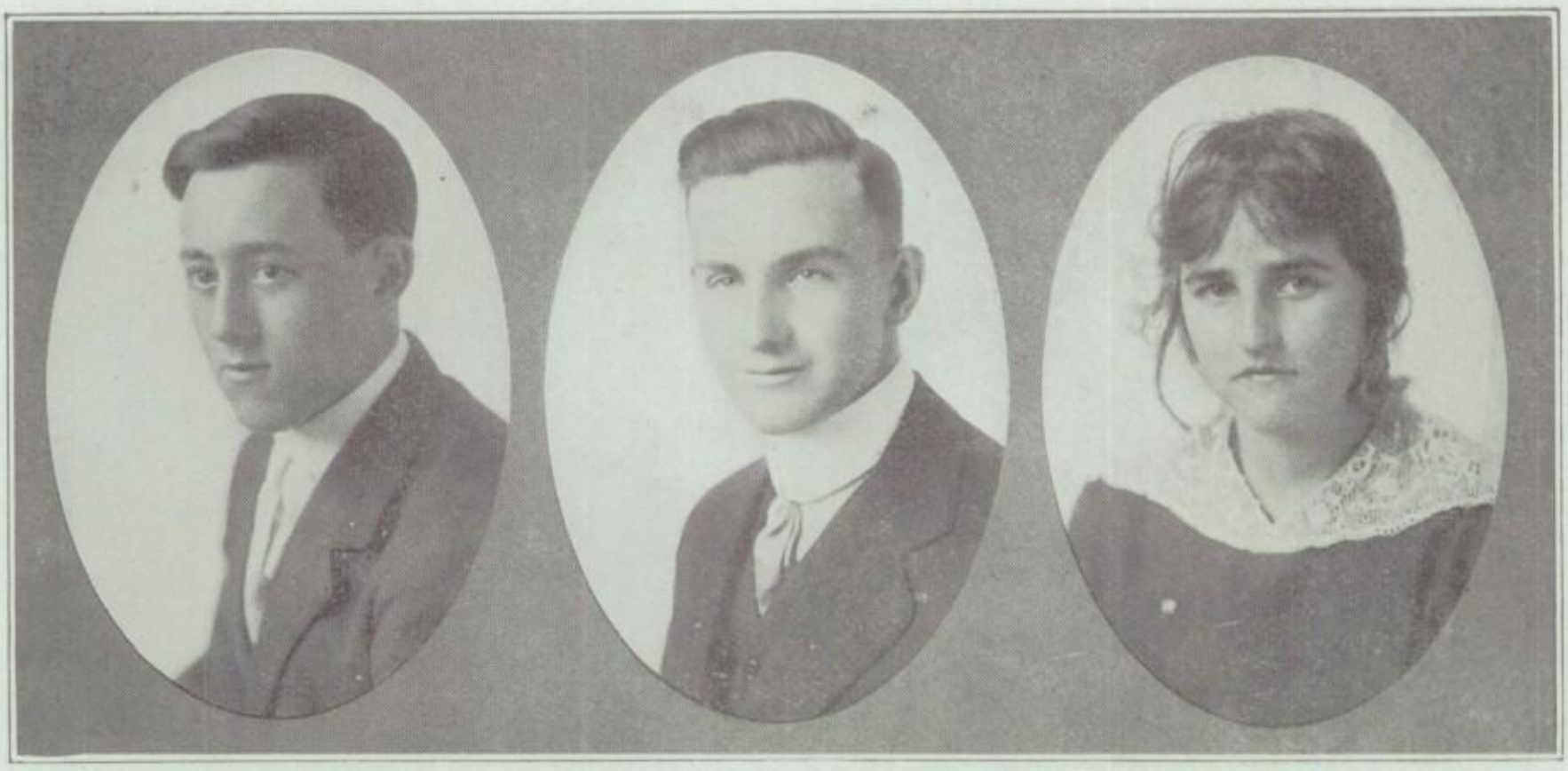
Harold Brittain
Mimerian, 3

O. Jean Brittan

Grove Elbert Brown
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.
Weekly Staff, 3, 4.
Class Treasurer, S. '14.

E. Ruby Brown





Corlis G. Brownell
Pyramid and Tumbling, 2 Yrs.

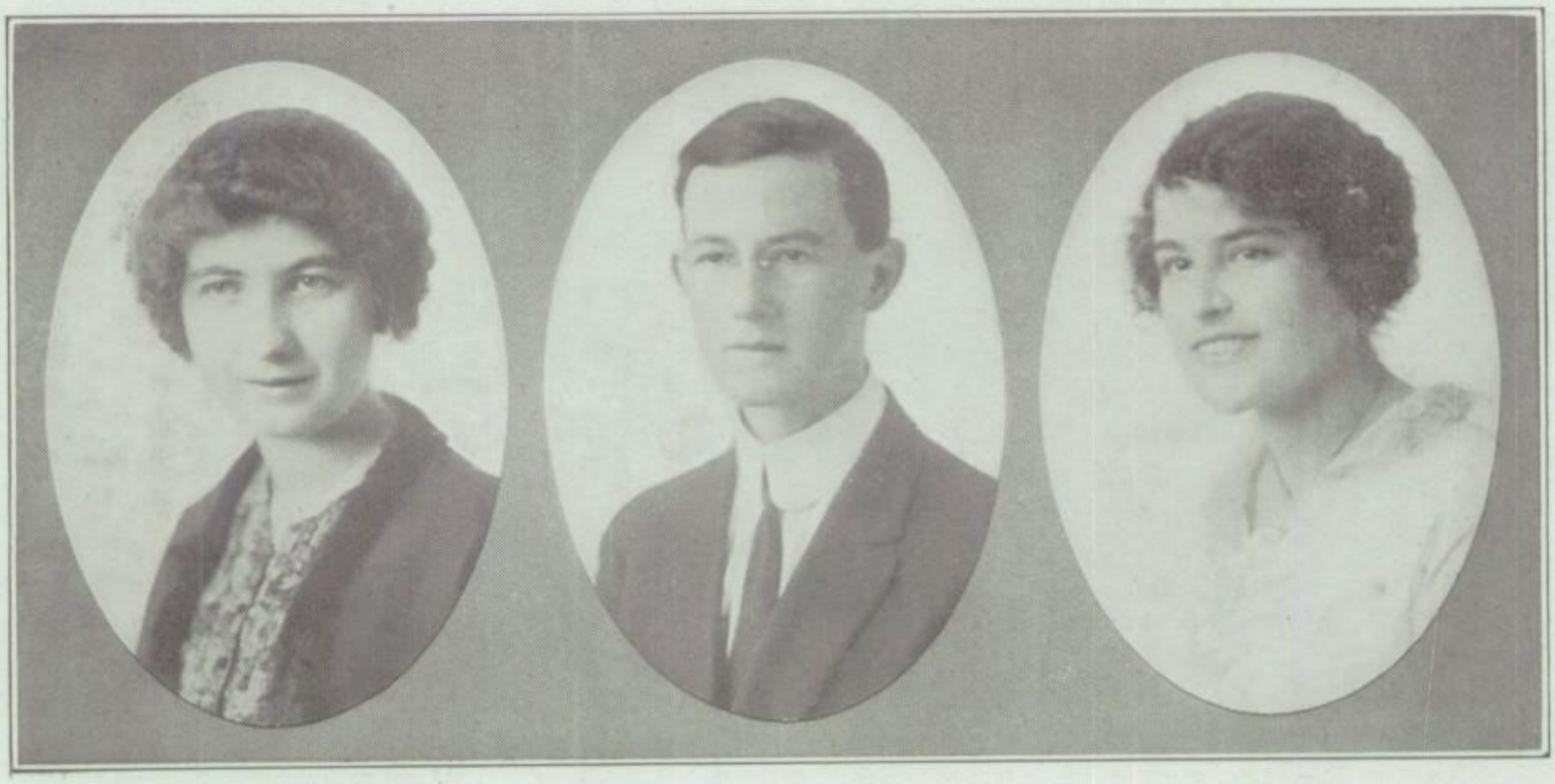
C. B. Brunson

Alice Bryant
Mimerian, 1, 2.
Adelphic, 2, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4.
Dancing Club, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.
Latin Club, 4.

Marie J. Carlson.

Malcolm Carpenter
Orchestra, 2, 3, 4.
Band, 2, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Self-Government, 4.

Mercedes Gutierrez Casillas
Self-Government, 1, 2, 3.
Fancy Dancing, 2, 3.
Advanced Gymnastics, 2.
French Club, 4.



Angelina Chapman
Secretary S. B. O., 4.
Mimerian, 1.
Adelphic
Sec. Puerta Del Sol, 4.

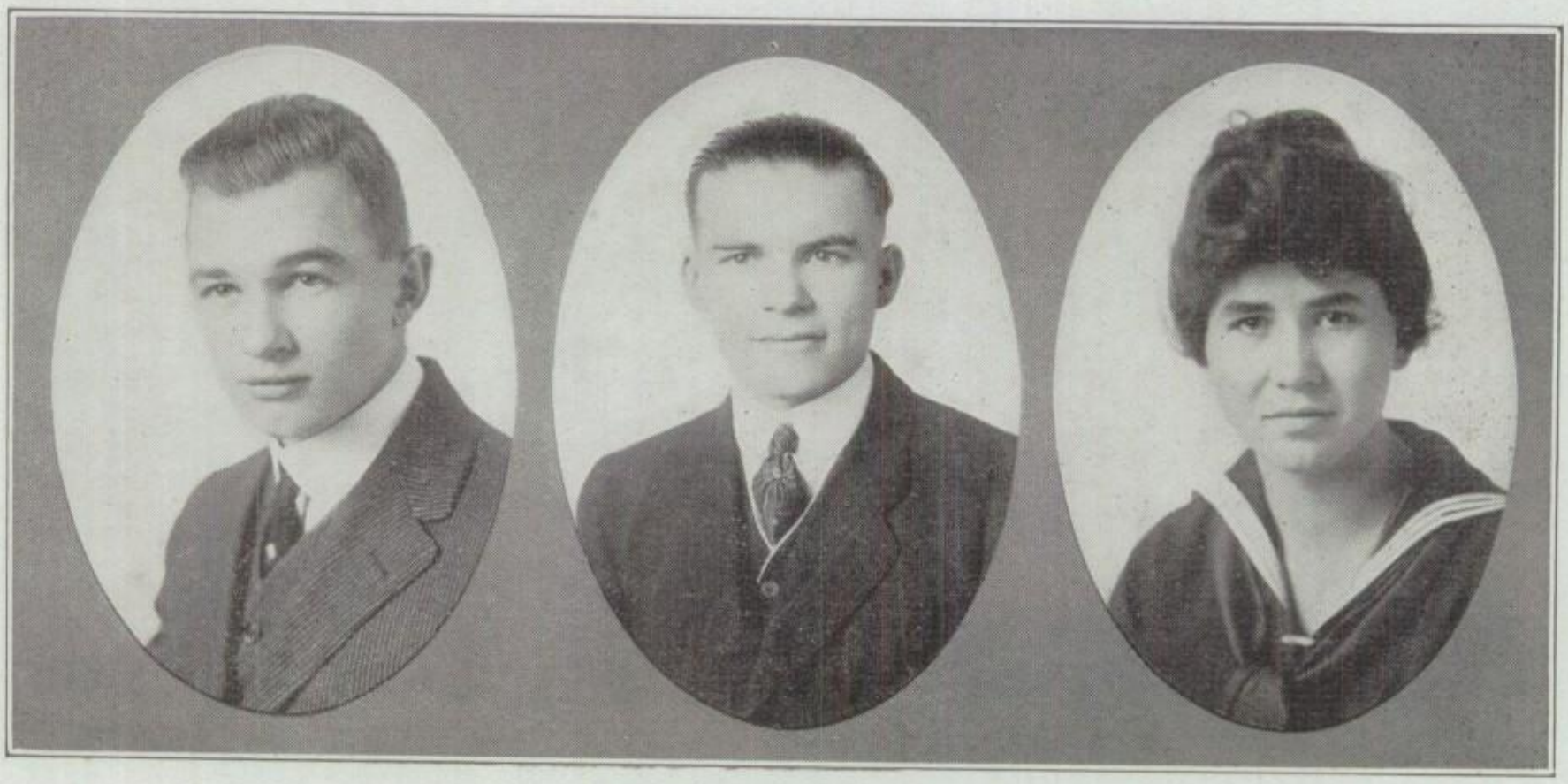
Gerald S. Chapman
Lincoln Debate
Latin Club, 5.

James Chapman
Mgr. Water Polo, 4.

F. Forrester Chase
Football, 2, 3.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Vice President, S. G., 1, 2,
Stage Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Stage Manager, 4.
Council, 3, 4.
Board of Managers, 4.

Arthur D. Church

Marion Clancy



Reginald Coles
Mimerian, 2.
Self-Government, 4.

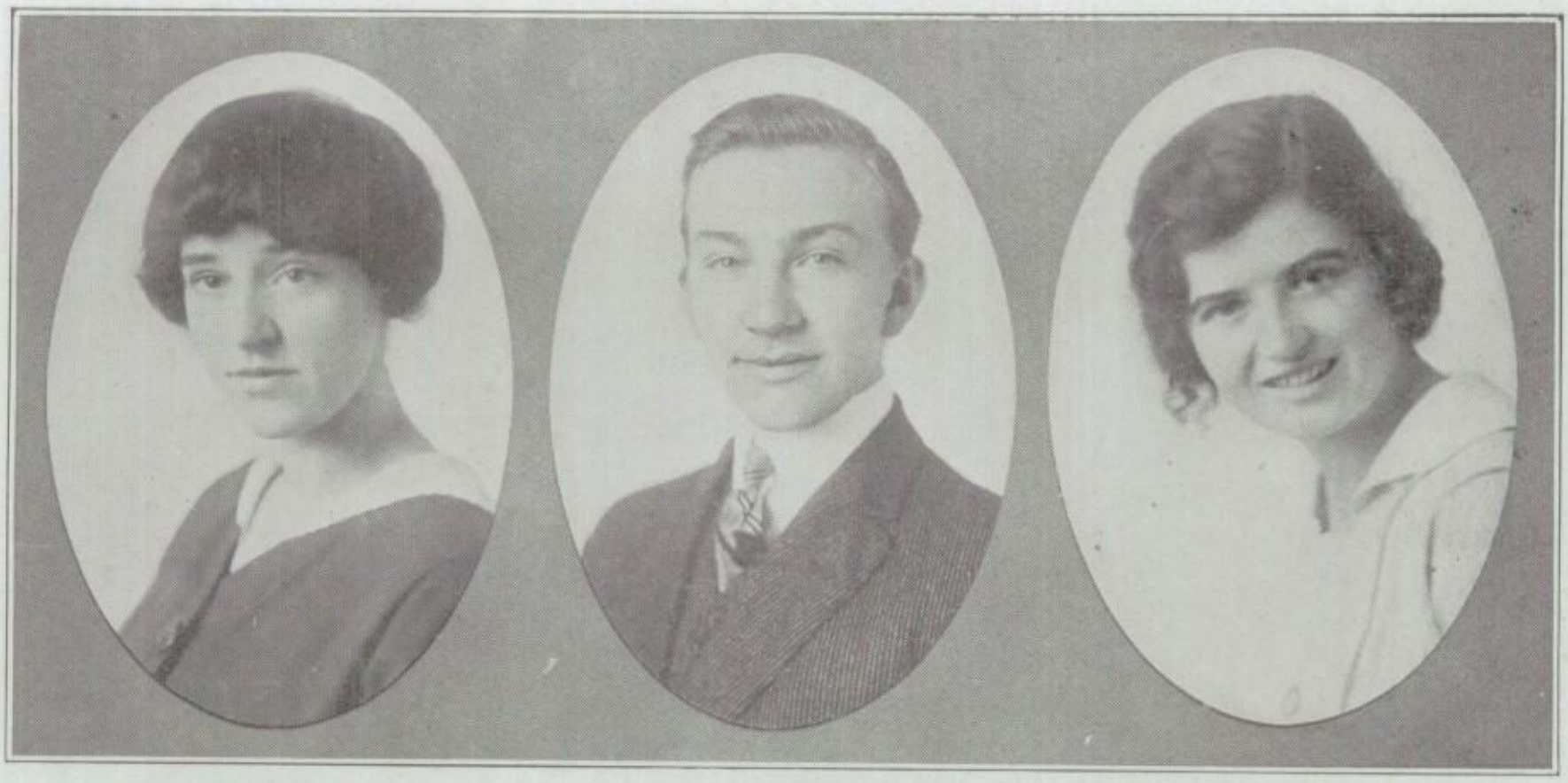
Dorothy Colwell
Staff, 1.
Fencing Club, 2.

Rose Cowan
Puerta Del Sol, 4.
Dancing Class, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Treas., G. S. G., 4.
Gym Club, 2, 3.

Neal Creighton
Track, 2, 3, 4. Mgr., 4.
Water Polo, 4.
S. G., 2.

Marguerite S. Crist

Joseph J. Crosby



Taisey May Darling
Secretary of Senior Class, 4.
V. P. of Student Body, 2.
Pres. of Girls' Self-Gov., 2.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Dancing Class, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Rostra, 2.
German Club, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.
Fencing Club, 2.
Council, 2.

Earl Dearmond Davis
Glee Club, 4.
German Club, 4.

Adelaide Edwina Deutsch
Mimerian, 3.
Girls' Self-Government, 3.
Swimming Club.

Frances Gertrude DeLapp

Margaret Elizabeth Dick
Adelphic, 3, 4.

Jeannette A. Doyle

Martha Anna Drake
Dollar Mark, 4.
Girls' Self-Government, 3.

Dorothy Durage
Mimerian, 1.
Hockey, 2.
Mandolin, 3.
Staff, 2.

Paul H. Dwyer

Vida Vetina Eddy
Girls' Vice-Pres. Senior Class.
Vice-Pres. Girls' Self-Gov., 2.
Sec. of Adelphic, 1.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Dancing Class, 2, 3, 4.
Rostra, 2.
Players' Club, 3, 4.
Mimerians, 2, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3.
Vice President Adelphic, 4.

Mildred Alice Eisenmayer

Mildred Ellis
Mimerian, 4.

Laura Lucy Farrington
Adelphic, 2, 3, 4.
Mimerian, 3.
Orchestra, 2, 3, 4.

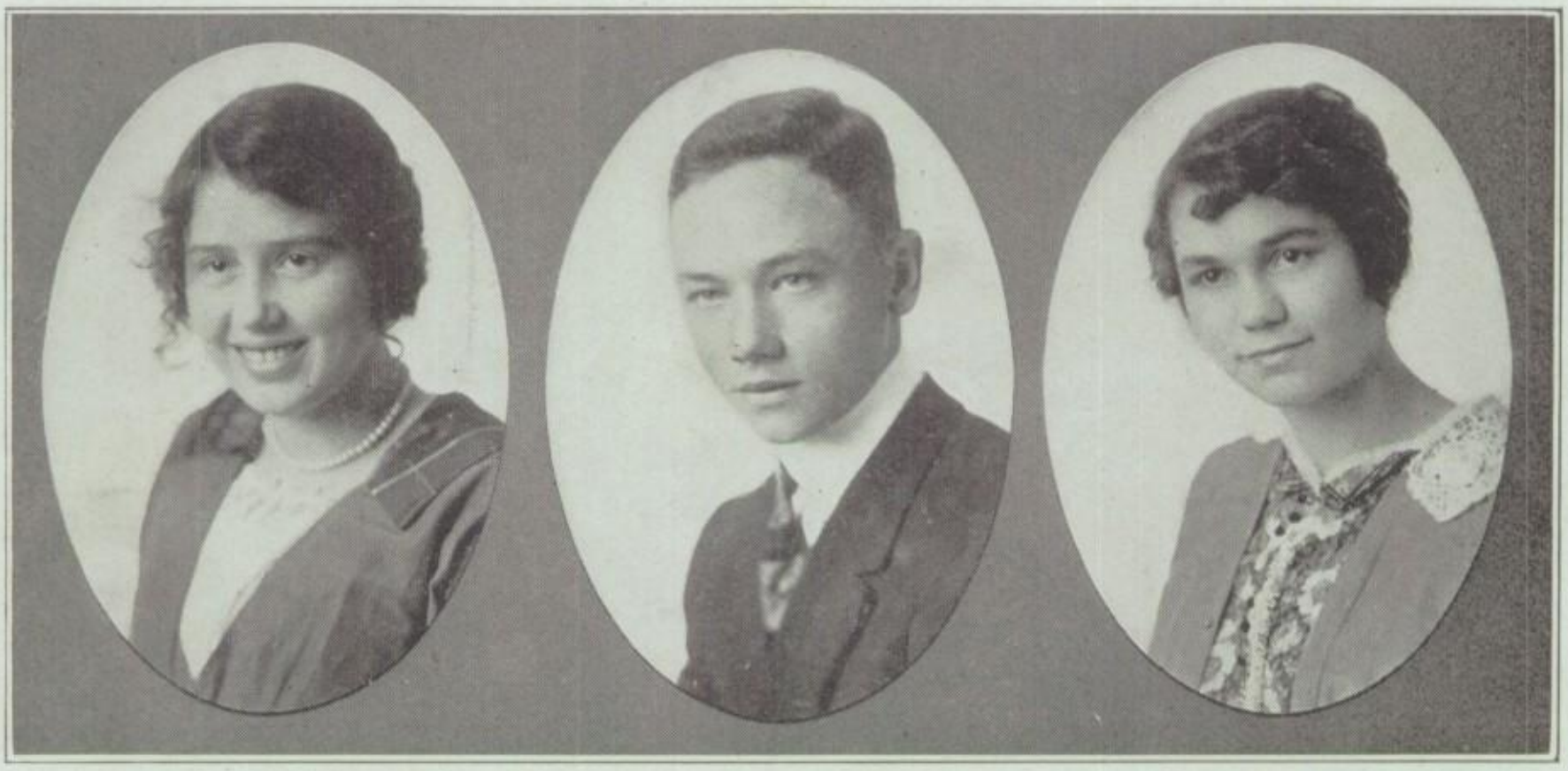
Carrie Hazel Ferguson
Spanish Club, 4.

Franklin Stuart Fillmore

Marguerite Filben

Mary FitzGerald

Margueritte A. Flammer
Girls' Gym Club, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.



Hazel Foster
Mimerian,4.
Spanish Club, 4.
Gym. Club, 3.

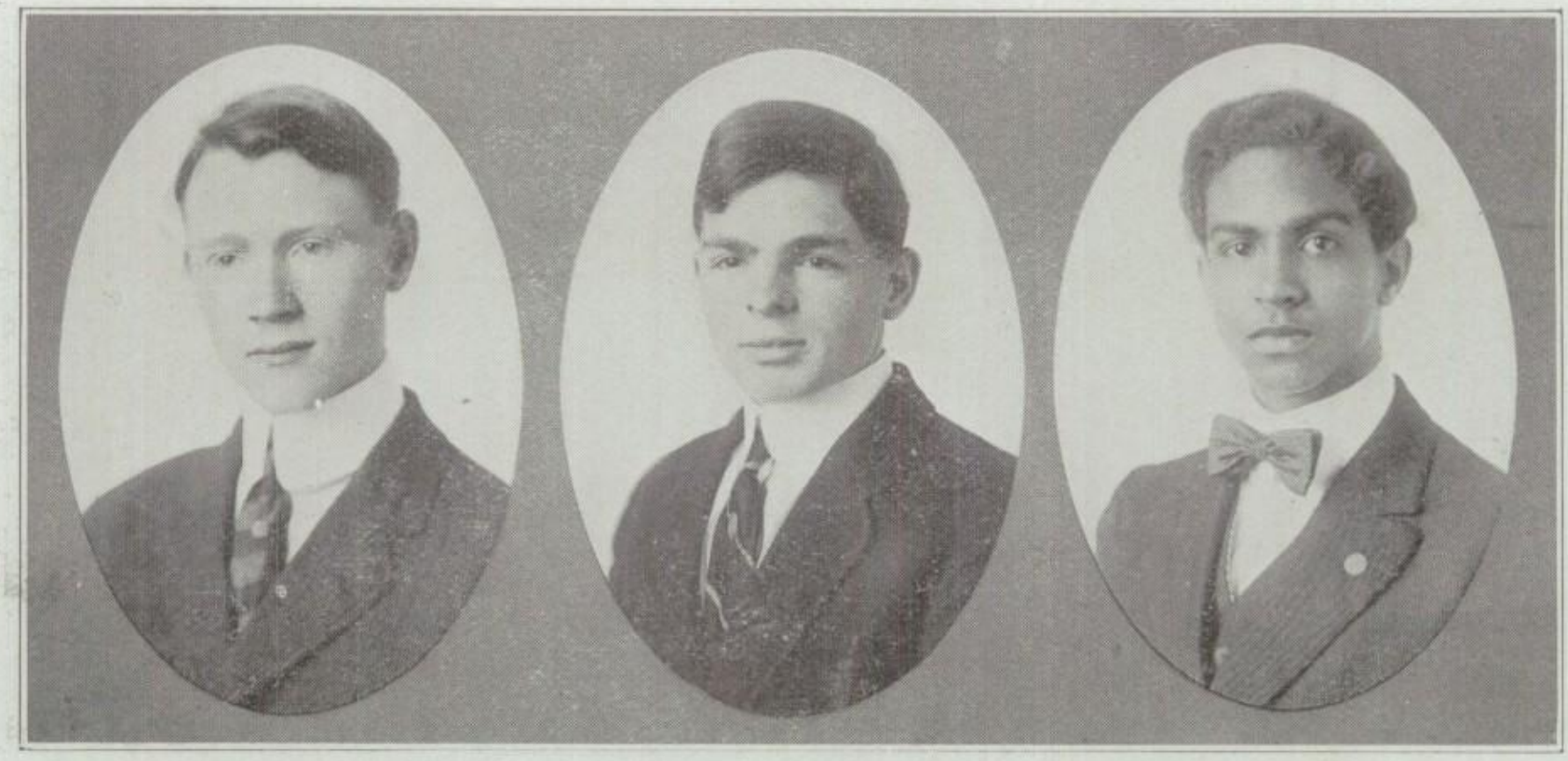
Jessie Frampton
Council, 1, 3.
Boys' S. G., 2, 3.
Track, 2, 3, 4.
Football, 3, 4.

Lillian Mabel Freestone

Clyde Freeman
Self-Government, 2.
Weekly Staff, 4.
Artisan Staff, 4.

Verle George

Arthur J. Gilman
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Baseball, 3.
Track, 1, 3, 4.
Gym. Club, 1, 2, 3
Glee Club, 4.



Robert L. Gilmore

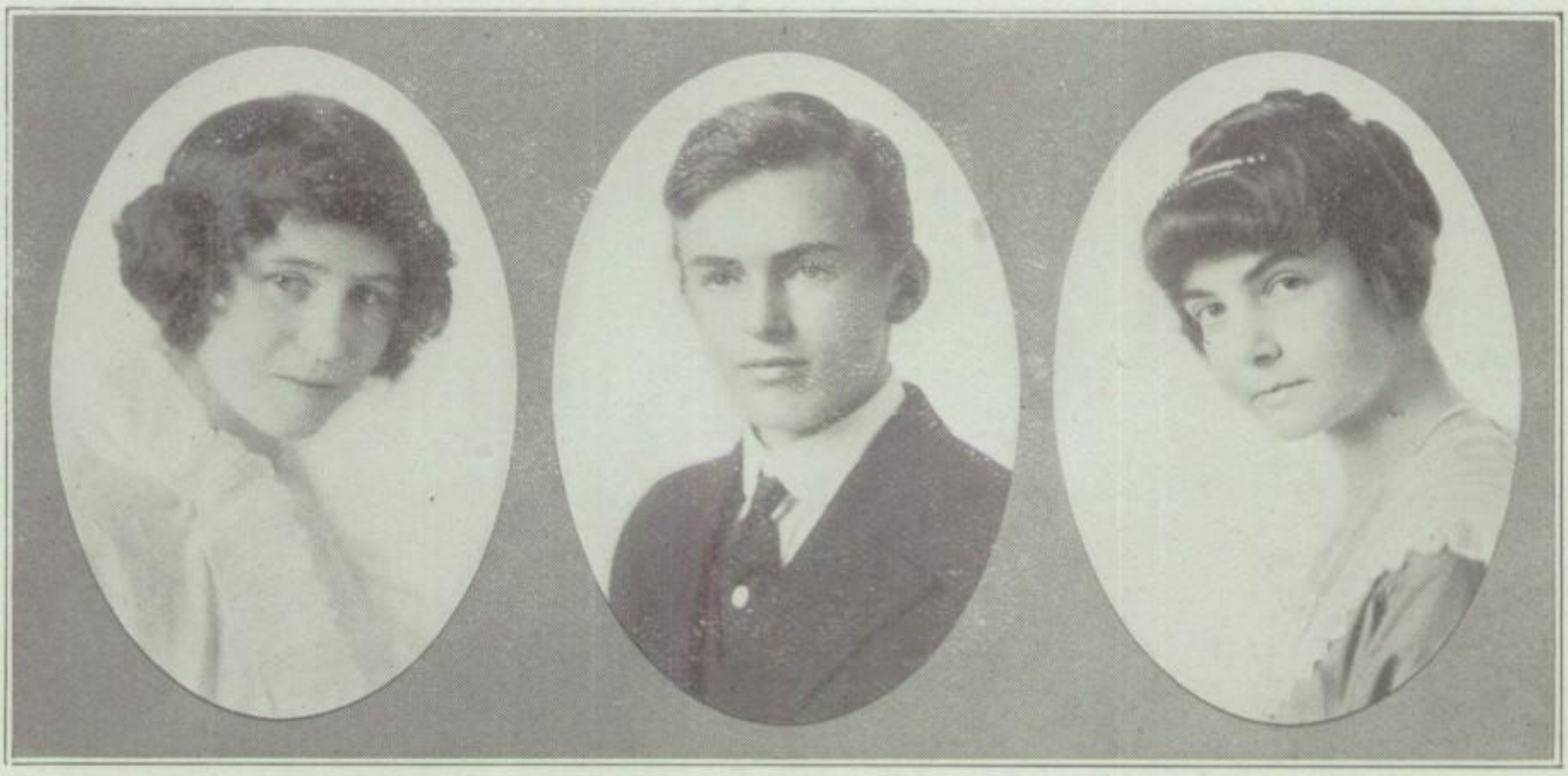
George L. Goulet

Thos. Augustus Greene

Ruth Tyrelle Haag, S. '14
Council, 1, 2, 3.
Self-Gov., 1, 2, 3.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.
Debating, 4.
V. Pres. U. '15.

Jacqueline Estelle Gruwell
Mimerian, 3.

Theo. L. Haasis



Olive Hall
Chorus, 4.

Russell Hall
Mimerian, 3.

Juanita Hamilton
Mimerian

Louise Hamilton
Dancing Class, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Girls' Self-Govt. Secretary, 3.
Secy. of Mimerian Society, 3.
V. Pres. of Mimerian Soc., 4.
Asst. Editor of Weekly, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 4.

Ruth Livingston Hammond
Players' Club, 4.
Adelphic, 4.
Pen and Pencil. 4.
President of French Club, 4.
Artisan Staff, 4.
Mimerian, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Dorothy G. Harris

Phillips Hardy

C. F. Harper Jr.
Pyr. Team, 2, 3. . . Track, 3.
Min., 3, 4. Football, 4.
Capt., Water Polo, 4.
Pres. Sp. Club, 4.
Vice Pres., Mim., 4.
Pen and Pencil, 4.
Vice Pres. S. B. O., 4.

Carlton Henley
President Student Body, 1.
Manager Student Body, 2
Pros. Atty .Self-Gov., 2, 3,.
V. P., Boys' League, 1, 2.
Council, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 3.
Artisan Staff, 4.
Editor Weekly, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Aero Club, 1.

Harold W. Hibner
Boys' Self-Government, 4.

Vera Elizabeth Hilton
Glee Club, 2, 3 and 4.
Dollar Marks, 3 and 4.
Self-Government, 3.

Elmer H. Hoffman
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Evelyn Victoria Houghton

Faye Hughes
Adelphic, 3, 4.
Mimerian, 4
V. P. Players' Club, 3, 4.
Council, 3.
Spanish Club, 4.

Lucy Marie Huse
Glee Club, 4.

Josephine Hunt
Mimerian, 4.
Girls' Self-Govt., 4.

Naomi Jane Hunt
Mimerian, 3.
Girls' Self-Govt., 3.

Helen Imus
"Dollar Marks."

James W. Ingram
Spanish Club, 4.

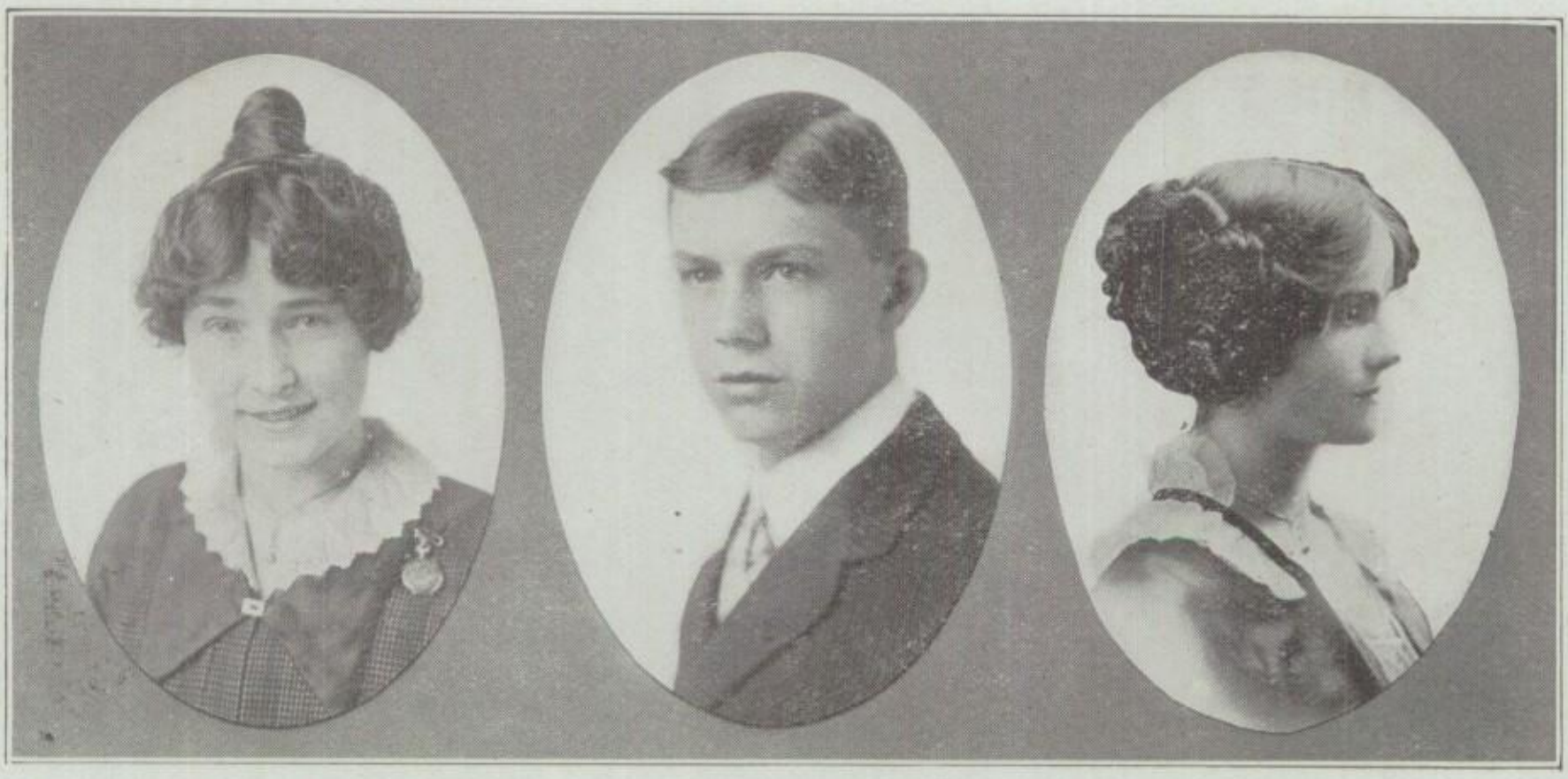
Pauline Marian Inwood

Orley Albert Jack
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3.
B. S. G., 1, 2, 3.

Dorothy Brigden James
Mimerian, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4.
Self-Government, 2.
Secy. Self-Government, 4.
Debating, 4.

Arvid Johnson
Mimerian, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Lyla Johnson
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pres. Mimerian, 4.
Hockey Team, 3, 4.
Capt. Hockey Team, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.
French Club, 4.
Council, 4.
Representative of M. A. at Installation of Phi Beta Kappa at Pomona.



Robert M. Jones
Self-Government, 2.
Bk. Ex. Mgr., 3, 4.
Mimerian, 4.
Mgr. Weekly, 4.
Mgr. Press, 4.
Mgr. Artisan, 4.
Board of Managers, 3, 4.

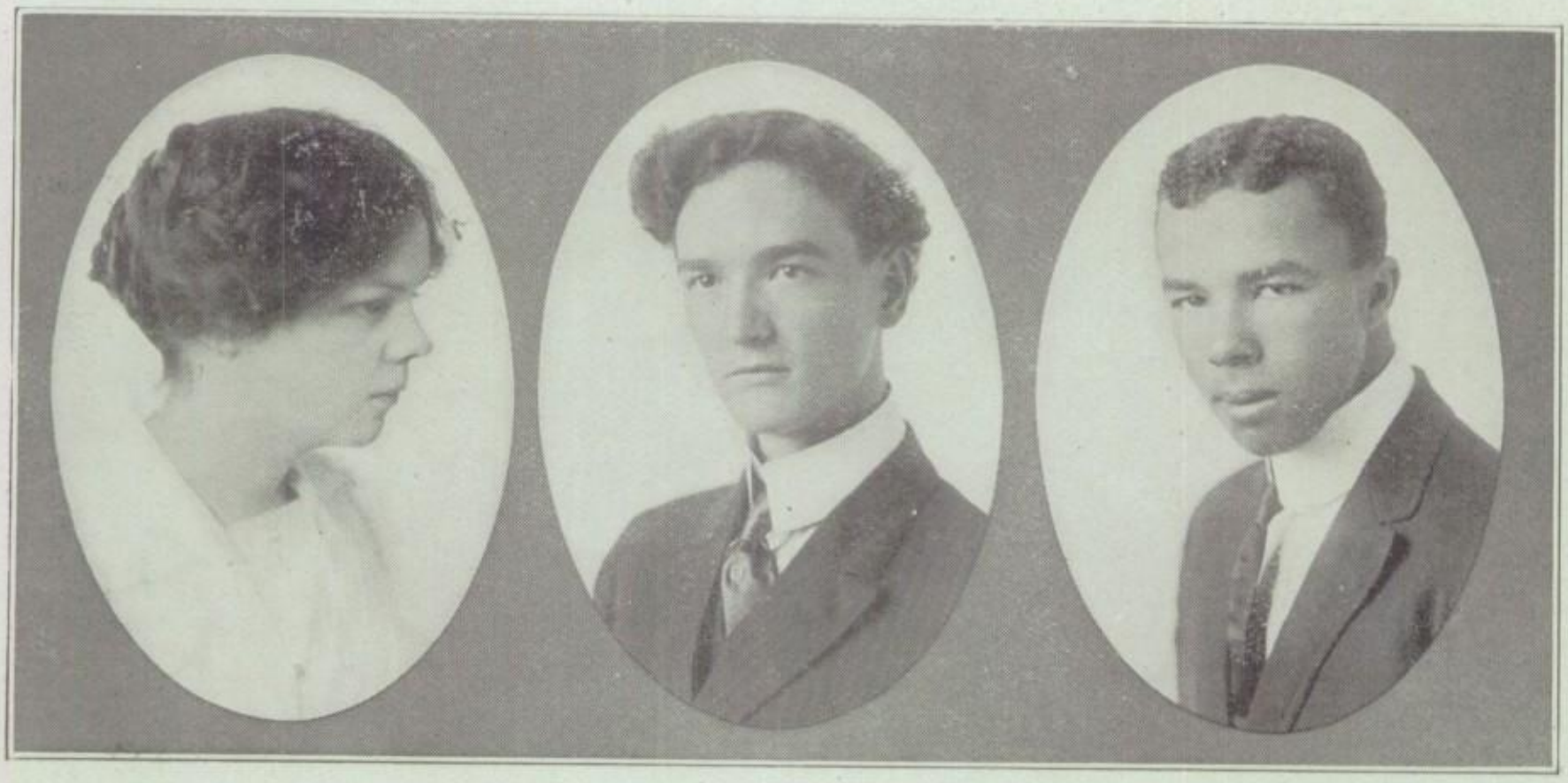
Frieda Otillia Kaiser

Beulah May Keethler
Commercial Club, 4.

Katharine J. Kelly
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
G. C. President, 3.
Self-Government, 2, 3.
Adelphic, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Emmett Floyd Kennard
Adelphic, 4.
Boys' Glee, 4.
Staff, 1.

Ballinger Kemp
Baseball, 1, 2, 3.



Rachel Kimball
Council, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
G. C. President, 4.
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Vice President, 4.
Self-Government, 1, 2.
Adelphic, 3, 4.
Gym Club, 2.
Artisan Staff, 2, 3.
Asst. Editor, 2.
Vice Pres. S. '14 Class.
School Historian, 3-4.
Vice Pres. S. B. O., 4.

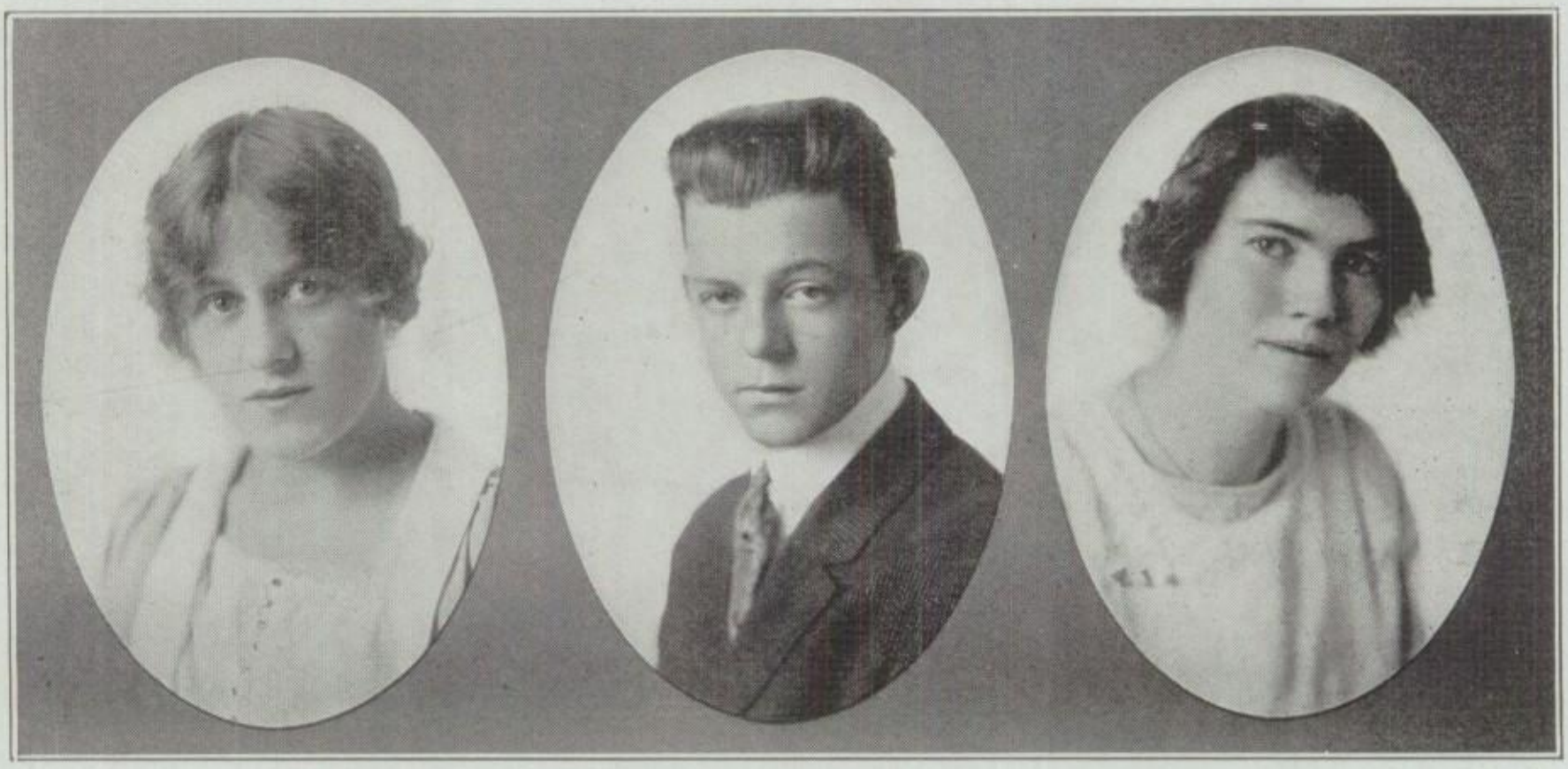
Revel K. Kitchen

Andrew Kirk
B. S. G., 4.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Goldah Kirk

Don H. Kitt
Boys' S. G., 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.
Adelphic, 4.

Charlotte Hastings Knapp
Mimerian, 1, 2, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.
Gym Club, 2.
Artisan Staff, 4.



Howard R. Krauter
Mimerian, 2, 3, 4.

Agnes Marguerite Elizabeth Kraemer
Hockey Club, 2.
French Club, 4.

Loraine Elizabeth Kuck
Pen and Pencil, 1.
Mimerian, 3-4.
La Puerta del Sol, 4.
Girls' Self-Government, 4.

Robert Lewis
M. A. Weekly, 3, 4.
Associate Editor, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Council, 4.
B. S. G., 4.
Basketball, 4.

Ruth Lewis
Mimerian, 1.
Spanish Club, 4.

Hazel M. Liggett
Mimerian, 2.

Willa Helen Lincoln
Pen and Pencil.

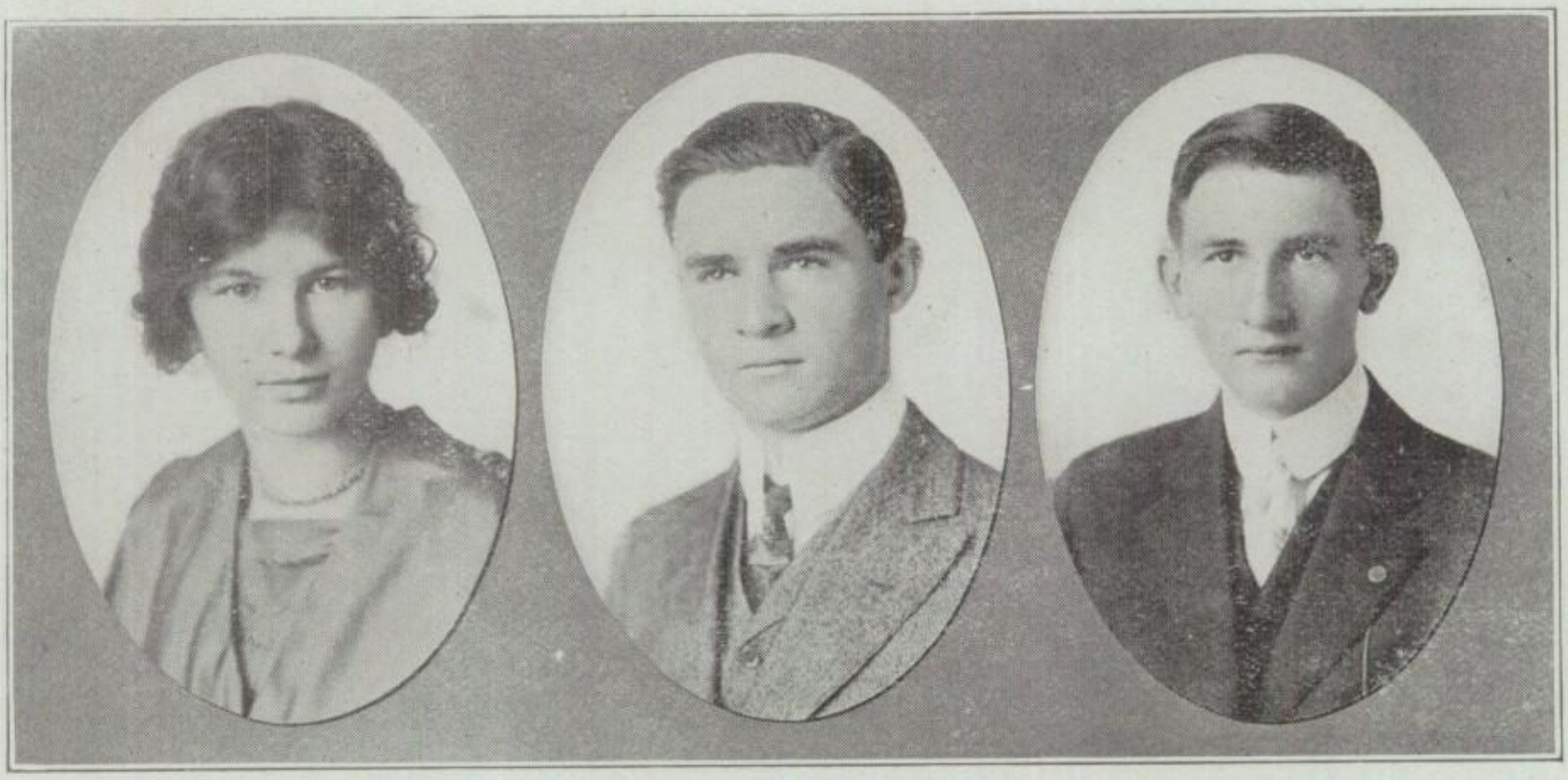
Helen List
Council, 3, 4.
Girls' Glee Club, 4; Pres., 4.
Mimerian, 3.
Adelphic, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
League Debates, 3, 4.
German Club, 4.
Vice Pres. S. B. O., 4.

Ruth Eleanor List
Adelphic, 3, 4.
Mimer., 4.
Self-Gov., 3.
Orchestra, 3, 4.
Vice Pres. of Orchestra, 4.
String Quartette, 4.
German Club, 4.

Ethel May Lloyd
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Girls' Self-Government, 3.
Gym. Club, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.

Albert R. Lopez
Pen and Pencil, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Football, 1.
Basketball, 1.
S. G., 1.
Council, 1.

Frank E. Lorenson
Football, 2, 3.
Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Captain, 2, 3, 4.



Ynez Lowe
Players' Club, 4.
Adelphic, 2, 3, 4.
Staff, 3.
Arrow Maker.
French Club.

Bessie R. Lyon
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 3, 4.

Sara Lucey
Spanish Club, 4.

Leslie G. Lynch
Self-Government, 2.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.
Council, 4.
Pres. Sen. B Class, 4.

Leonard Saxton Lyon
Boys' Self-Govt., 3 and 4.
Mimerian, 1.
Pen and Pencil, 3.

Glenn Mack
Artisan Staff, 4.
Spanish Club, 4.

Elizabeth Ella Maine

Florence S. Mayer
Dollar Marks, 4.

Hallie Marvin
G. S. G., 4.

Frieda Martens
Mimerian, 3, 4.
German Club, 4.

William Thomas Martin
Mimerian, 4.

Stella March

Elsa Mays
Tennis, 2, 4.
Fencing Club, 2.
Gym. Club, 2.

Clara Louise Maynard
Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.
Self-Government, 4.

Gladys Mattison
G. S. G., 1, 2.
G. G. C., 1, 2, 3.

Effie Elizabeth Medlar
Dollar Marks, 4.

Emma K. Melick

Dorothy Merritt

Jessie Miller
Orch., 1, 2, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 2, 3, 4.

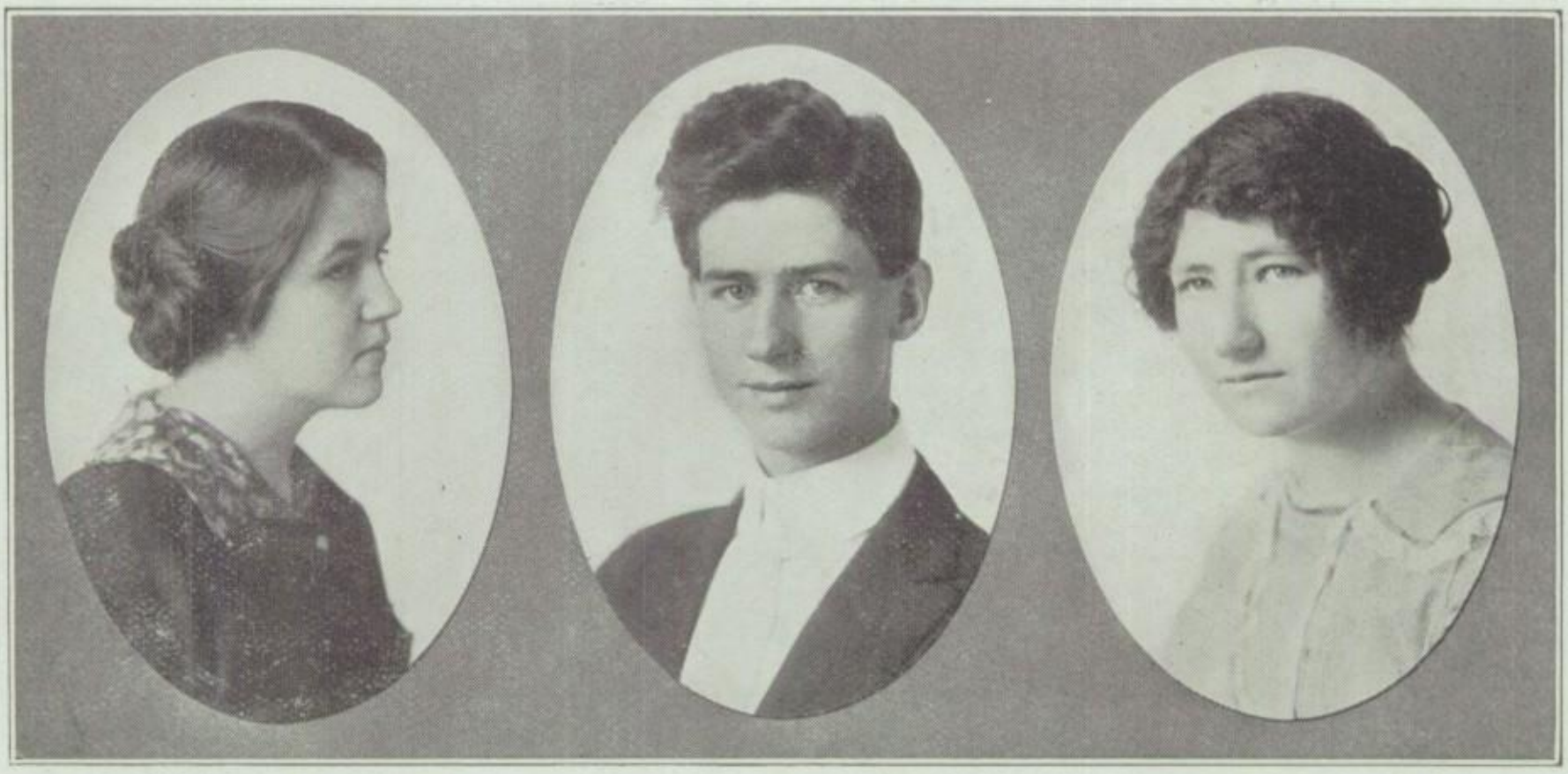
Alice Esther Nelson
Self-Government, 1.
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3.

Livona Moore
Adelphic, 4.

Hazel Morton
Hockey, 3, 4.

Alex. J. Morrison
Spanish Club, 4.
Boys' Self-Government, 3, 4.
Artisan Staff, 4.
Mimerian, 4.
Tennis Team, 4.

Joseph Lupton McClellan



Sybil McClelland
Mimerian, 3, 4.
Debator, 4.

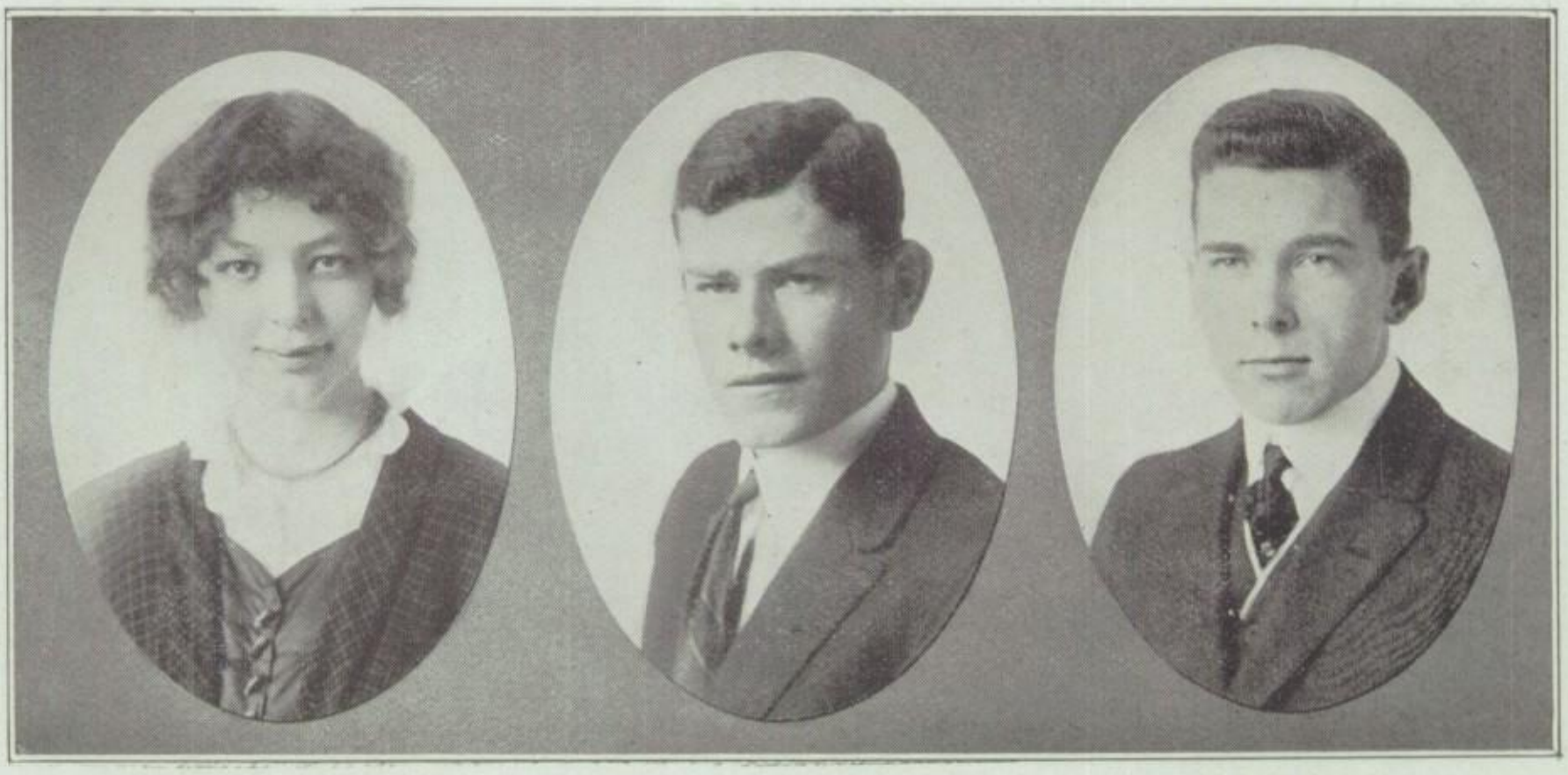
Francis George MacGinnis
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Vice Pres., 4.
Senate, 1, 2, 3. Pres., 3.
Players' Club, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 3, 4.
Debating Manager, 4.
Sec. of Southwestern Debating League, 4.

Mary E. McGovern
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Span. Club, 4.

Thelma Ellis MacKenzie
Mimerian, 1, 2.

Morton H. McKinnan

James Allen McClellan
Track, 2.
Football, 1.



G. Ward McVicar
Track, 3, 4.

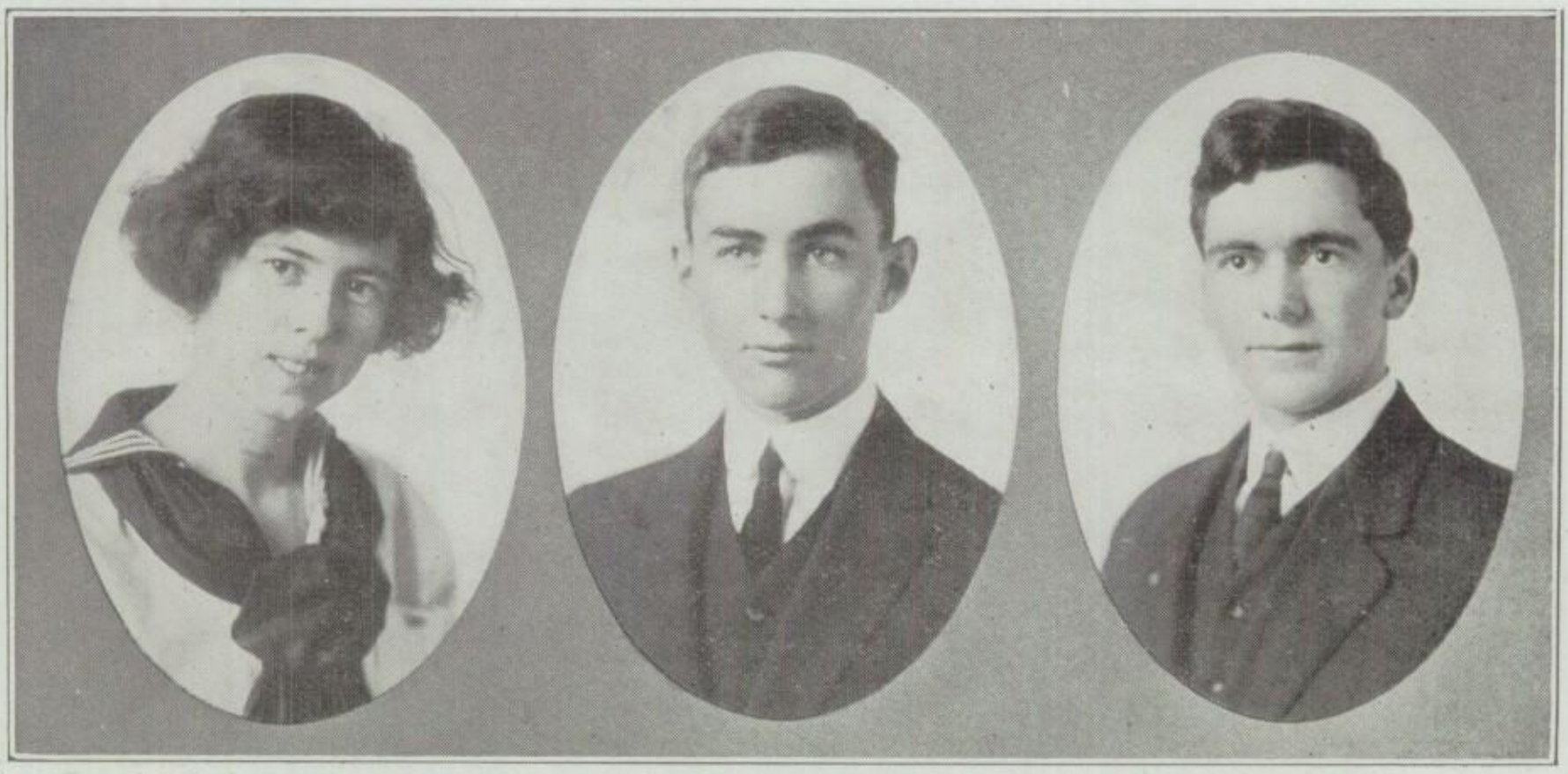
Alice Esther Nelson
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3.
Self-Government, 1.

Lillian H. Palmer
Fancy Dancing, 1.

Susie Paramore
Adelphic, 3.
Girls' Glee Club—1, 2, 3

Graham Parkinson

Phil Petermann



Lydia Olga Pfadenhauer
German Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Vice President, 3.
President, 4.
Mimerian, 2.

Harry Posson
Spanish Club, 4.
Boys' Self-Gov., 4.

Ethel Viola Quincy
Spanish Club, 4.

Caroline Raymond

Harold Raw
Mimerian, 4.
Adelphic
Spanish Club

Flossie Ramsey
Self-Government, 1, 2.

Marguerite Ellen Ray

Maisie Margaret Reed
Mimerian, 3.
Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4.
German Club, 2, 3, 4.
V. Pres. Pen and Pencil, 4.

Myrtle Robertson
Glee Club.
Commercial Club, 3.
Council, 1.

Frieda Rostel
Mimerian, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 4.
Adel., 4.
German Club, 2, 3, 4.
Secretary of Mimerian, 4.

Joe Rosenblum

Fredelle Alberta Sexton
Glee Club, 3, 4.

Genevieve Shilling
French Club

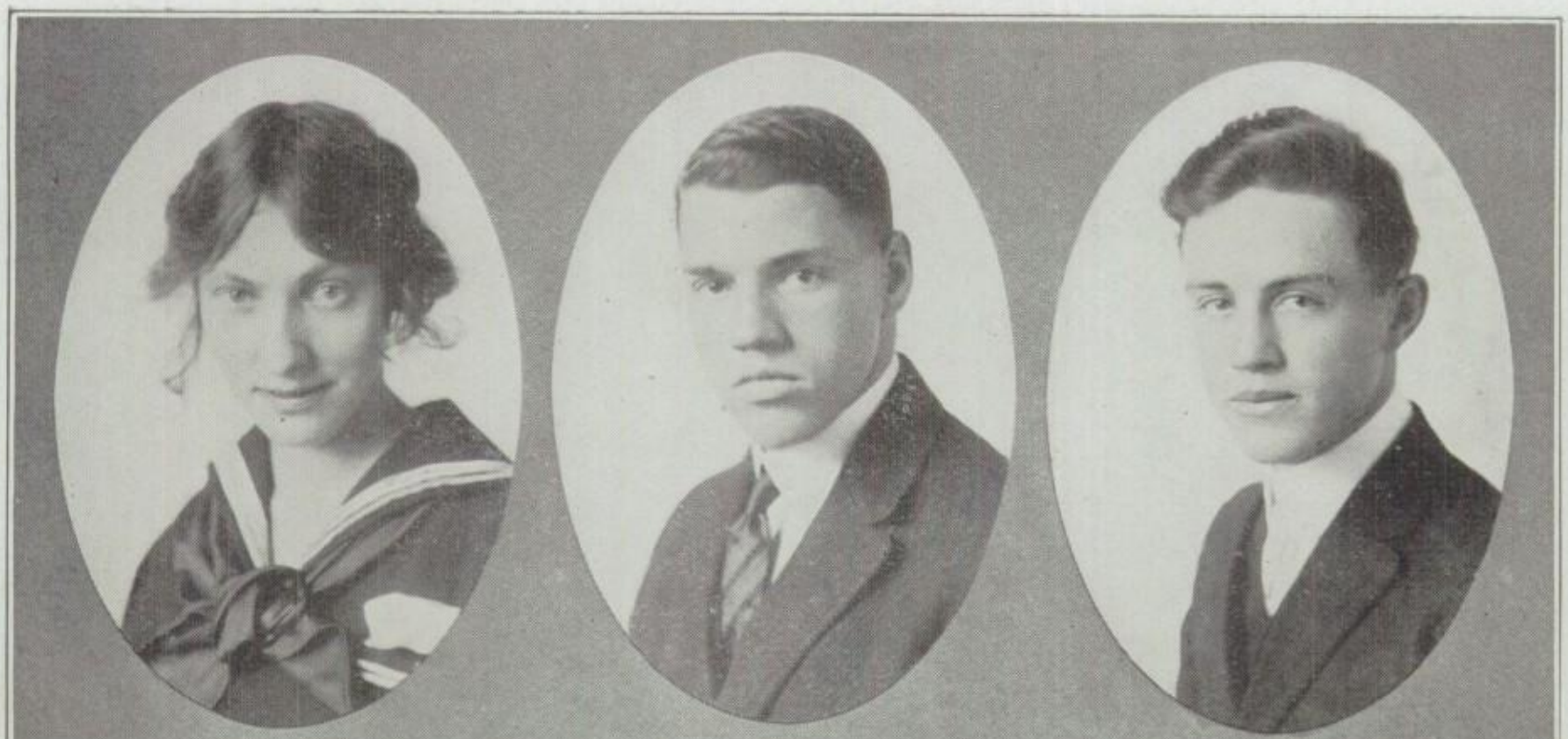
Victoria Schmitz

James Scoville

Lily Siems
Girls' Glee Club, 4.
Mimerian, 4.
German Club, 2, 3, 4.

Lester Shelt

Florence Shoop



Albra Mary Smart
Self-Government, 3
Hockey Team, 3.

Armour Langdon Smead
Council, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Pres., 2.
Adelphic, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Track Captain, 3.
Stage Manager, 3, 4.
Staff Artisan, 2, 3.
President S. B. O., 4.

J. Jay Smith
President of Senior A's
Adelphic, 4.
Council, 4.
Latin Club, 4.

Leo A. Smith
Commercial Club, 3, 4.
Band, 2, 3.
M. A. Weekly, 3. 4.

Helen Snodgrass
Mimerian, 1.
Hockey (Capt.,3), 2, 3, 4.

Reuel M. Spencer
Mimerian, 4.

Georgie Arista Staley
Fencing, 1, 2.
Hockey, 2, 3, 4.
Tennis, 2.
Girls' Gym. Club, 2.

Frances Alice Steed
Pen and Pencil, 4.
Self-Government, 4.
Mim,, 2, 3, 4. Pres., 4.
Latin Club, 4.

Roger Sturges
Mimerian, 4.
S. G. President, 3.
Pen and Pencil, 4.
Vice Pres., Sr. B Class, 4.
Council, 4.

Irene Swarthout
Mimerian, 2.
Gym. Club, 2.
Fancy Dancing Club, 4.
Adelphic, 4.
Latin Club, 4.

Ruby Teachout

Ruth Francis Thompson
Spanish Club, 4.

Elizabeth Leavitt Towle
Self-Government, 4.

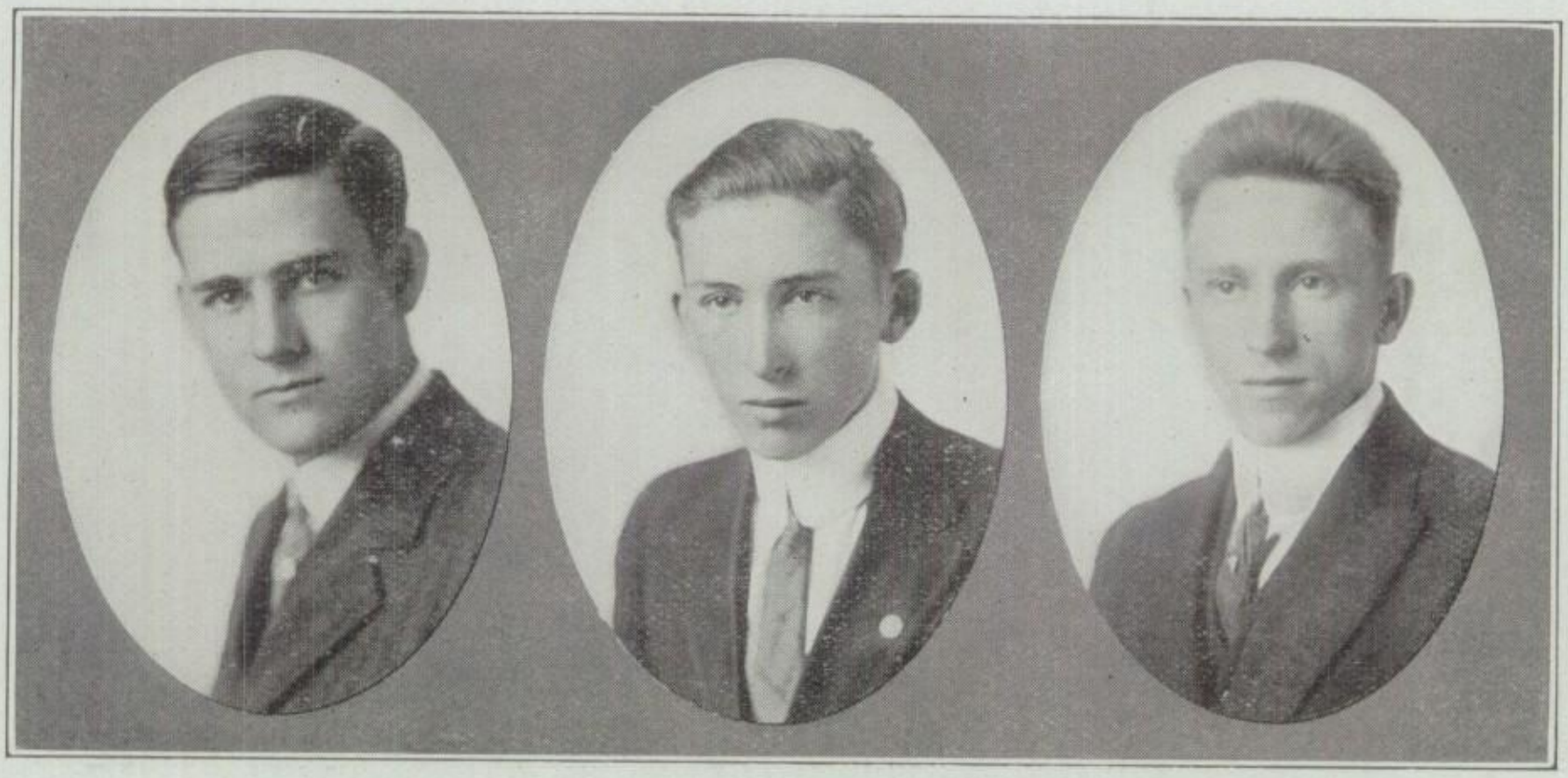
Ruth Truitt

Helen Turner
Council 1.

Earl M. Van Aken
Mimerian, 4.

Dale Van Every
Basket Ball, 4.
Debating Team, 4.
Mimerian, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.

F. Clare Van Velzer



B. Frank Ward
Track, 3, 4.

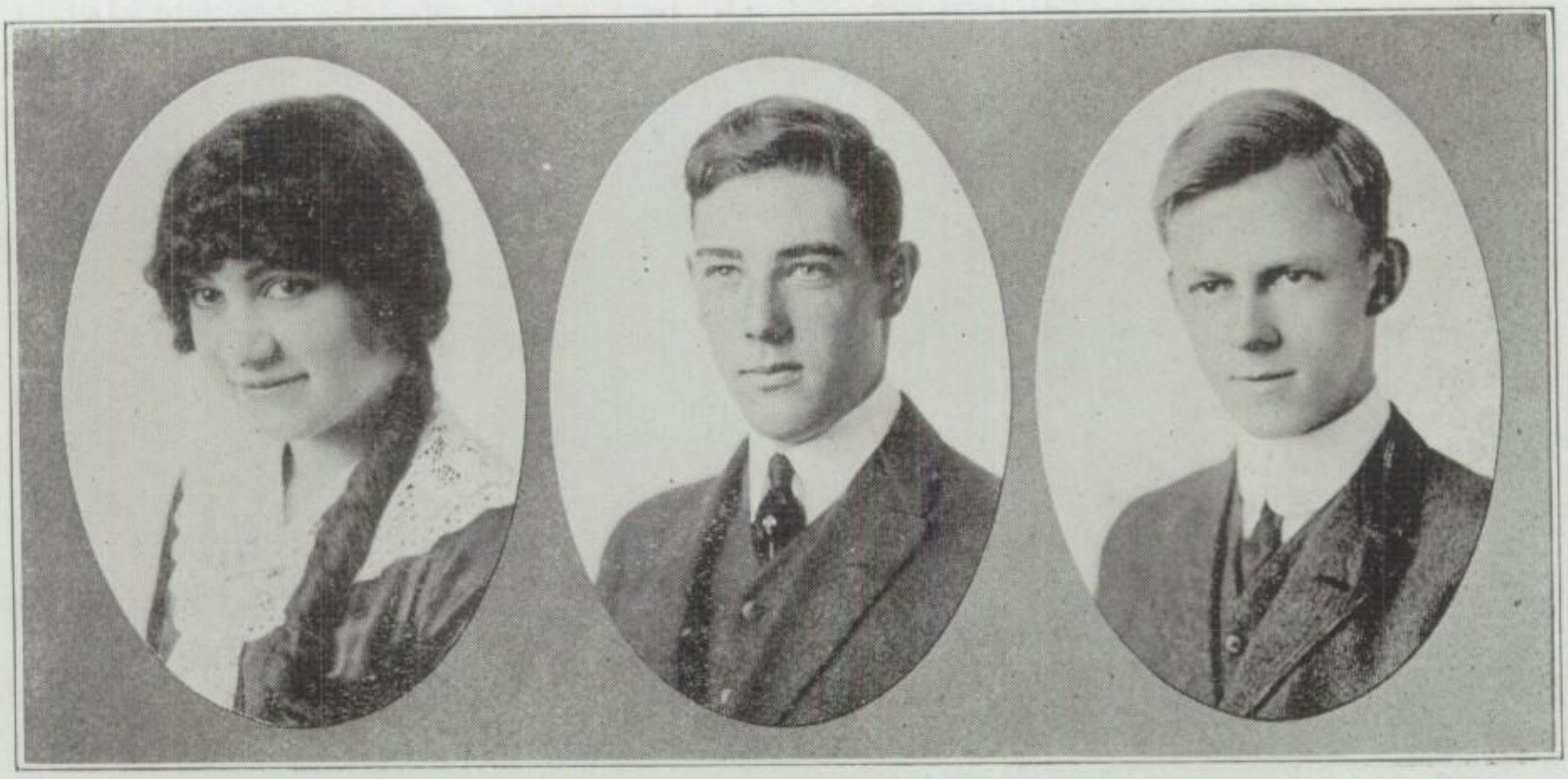
Vera B. Wareham
German Club, 4.
Chorus,4.

Lucile Watson
Mimerian, 2, 3, 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Assistant Editor Artisan, 4

Ruth Lucia Watson
Pen and Pencil, 4.

Charles Webb
Dollar Mark Club, 4.

Raymond Weisbrod
Council, 3.
Track, 3.
Pres. B. S. G., 4.
German Club, 3.
Spanish Club, 4.



Madeleine A. Wheaton

John E. White
Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4.
Council, 3. Mimerian, 1.

Lew Wilson Wiles
Senate, 1, 2.
Boys Glee, 1, 2, 3.
Pres. Boys' Glee, 3.
Pen and Pencil, 3, 4.
Council, 3.
Aritsan Staff, 2, 3, 4.
Editor Artisan, 4.
Weekly Staff, 3, 4.
Adelphic, 4.
Student Body Mgr., 3.

Martha Wilson
Pen and Pencil, 3.

Dorothy Eurila Wilkinson
Mimerian, 3. 4.
Pen and Pencil, 3. 4.

Louise Winder
Mimerian, 3.

Sarah Marguerite Wingert

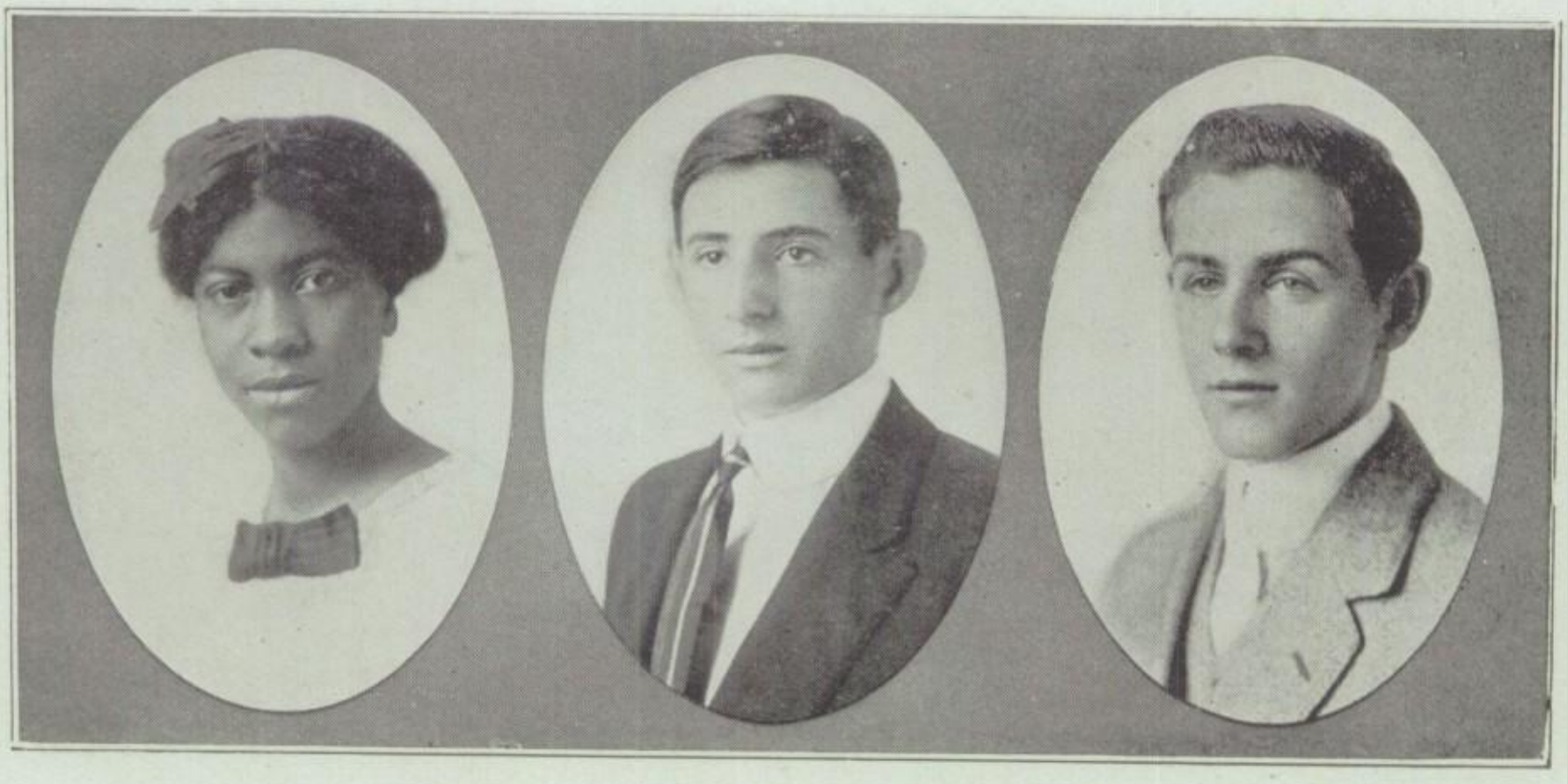
John Younce
Mimerian, 1.
Adelphic, 4.
Council, 4.

Forrest J. Young
Mimerian, 4.
Book Exchange, 1, 2.

Theresa Francisca Young

Earl Zimmerman

Harold L. Kasner
Basketball Manager, 4.



Agnes Frances Murphy
Girls' Self-Gov., 4.
Mimerian, 3, 4.
French Club, 3.

Florence Katheryn Raiff
Gym. Club, 2.
Spanish Club, 4.

Juanita Marie Powell

John Illo

Sara Hughes

Clifford Patton

Class Will

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES,
CITY OF THE SAME,
JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH,
ANNO DOMINI, 1914.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That we, the illustrious far-famed and respected graduating class of The Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, California, U. S. A., being of sound mind and reliable memory, and having mastered the art of bluffing, and thereby taken unto each and every one of us thirty-two credits, renown respect and good-will of all, do wish and desire, before departing from this school of joys and sorrows, to establish this, our last will and testament, providing for the best distribution of our many and valuable possessions. Therefore, in accordance with the above and said desire, we do will and bequeath the following items:

First we will and bequeath unto Principal Dr. A. E. Wilson the highly distinguished honor of presenting the class to the representative of the Board of Eudcation, after due consideration, the long sought for diplomas, and lastly our good will and respect.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Perry our constant friendship and good wishes, for the cares and worries inflicted upon her person this preceeding year.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Mr. Newell, the unseemly behavior and good nature of our adored Mr. Bailey.

Item. To Freshies we will and bequeath our mildewed bottles, impudence, irrespensible acts and bad manners.

Item. To Sophomores we leave our yet unburned tank of midnight oil. A word to the wise is sufficient!

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Oyler our pair of bifocal spy glasses, so that all unpremeditated acts may be well observed.

Item. We will and bequeath the gavel of Jay Smith unto the next unhappy victim.

Item. We will and bequeath unto some poor misinformed Senior B. Taisey Darling's trials and tribulations of keeping the register and secretary's desk.

Item. We will and bequeath unto some one who needs them, the good looks of Robert Jones.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Marie Rendall that childish laughter, heavenly gaze, and pea-green manner of our little Faye Hughes.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Claude Morrow the ability of Jay Smith in running the eight-eghty.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Herbert Smith and Oscar Willenburg the asthetic grace of Leslie Lynch and Jesse Frampton respectively.

Item. We will and bequeath unto the Boys' Glee Club, "our bad notes."

Item. We will and bequeath unto Ruth Cornell the right to copy after the hair-dressing creation of Marion Clancy and Elizabeth Towle.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Marie Stanley the "little red book" much and long used by Langdon Smead. Follow it closely and your path will be strewn with flowers.

Item. We will and bequeath unto the next misguided Senior Vice-President the wrinkles accumulated by Vida Eddy during the preceeding term.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Fred Geiger the self-government slips issued by austere Ross Lopez to our unruly Al Beck.

Item. We will and bequeath unto some benighted scrub the glowing intellect of our studious and model Mimerian President Frances Steed.

Item. We will and bequeath unto George Finch the sun-kissed hair of our Lew Wiles. Soon thou wilt have a halo, George!

Item. We will and bequeath unto Myrtle Danziger the self-reducing laugh of Rachel Kimball.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Putnam the earrings, slit skirts and "spit curls" now in the possession of the Class of S, '14.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Ames, the dashing creations of artistic fantasy worn by Mildred Ellis and Ruth Hammond.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Elmer King the "ill used pep," of Carlton Henley.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Goodwin Knight the astounding popularity of the illustrious James Ingram.
books.

Item. We will and bequeath unto any I. W. W. lacking in animation and vocabulary, the fiery eloquence and bounding spirits of Lucile Watson and Albra Smart; also a soap box, very much used but still in the ring.

Item. We will and bequeath unto C. Redpath the "winning and enchanting ways of Franklin Harper.

Item. We will and bequeath unto the athletic department of Manual Arts the wonderful ability of Arista Staley and Ethel Barnes in knocking the shins of the unprotected.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Bill Street the rainbow derby now gracing the figure of Forry Chase.

Item. We will and bequeath unto the snakes residing in 251, the excruciating whistle of Helen List.

Item. We will and bequeath unto a young man aspiring to be

of a commanding disposition, the impression made by one Roger Sturges.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Edna Shelton the musical ability of our Angelina Chapman.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Dan Waggoner the common sense mixed with selzer water, of our beloved Grove Brown.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Irene Millier the unassuming and retiring manner of Marie Allen.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Esther Gleason the fltting ways of Alice Bryant.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Mr. Beswick one set of hair curlers, the personal donation of Francis McGinnis.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Ray Yerkes the dimpling dimples of Naomi Hunt. Thou wilt soon be a ladies' man, Ray!

Item. We will and bequeath unto Judge Wilbur of the juvenile court the duty to watch closely the uncertain steps of Alexander Morrison. He is a good boy, but inclined to be "funny."

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miriam Spencer the diamond ring now in the possesion of one, Verle George. May you have good luck Miriam.

Item. Be it known that we cannot leave our "Church" to anyone, for ye would not keep the dust off.

Item. We will and bequeath unto all short and fat people attending the Educational Institution, properly known as Manual Arts, the anti-fat compounds, used respectively by Thelma MacKenzie, Mary Fitzgerald and Lyla Johnson.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Paul Miller the place of Harold Kasner on the basketball team.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Margaret Gard the editorial ability of Louise Hamilton. Margaret, by its teachings, you should derive great benefit.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Lawrence Tibbet the charming good nature, brains and beauty of Will Martin.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Wright the left-over car books, hoping she may never forget the many car blanks she signed for the Class of Summer '14.

Item. We will and bequeath unto Miss Petit the right to finish anything left undone by us.

We do nominate and appoint "The Artisan" to be sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In testimony whereof we have set our hand and seal this day and year as first above named.

By Us:

CLASS OF JUNE, *1914*,
Manual Arts High School.

Our Virtues and Failings

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Besetting Sin
Josephine Abberly	tranquil	making no noise	undiscovered	wearing red beads constantly
Lillian Abrams	husky	working in the garden	to be a farmer's wife	doesn't seem to have any
Pauline Adams	simple	knowing her lessons	to put phonographs out of business	talking
Gladys Allen	light	keeping quiet	to be a mimerian	too much silence
Marie Allen	pale	being less conspicuous	to look neat	nobody knows
Dorothy Armstrong	moderate	singing	to join the Italian Opera Co.	ask her friends
Joseph Bailey	demure	baseball fan	to pitch in a league game	we don't know
Inez Baily	slender	talking in her sleep	to own a dance hall	she keeps them dark
Gwendolyn Baker	buxom			waiting for H. D.
Carrie Ball	angular	gossiping		wearing a beauty spot
Louis Ballinger	rusty	selling candy	unraveling books	distributing candy at games
Ralph Bangerter	green	rooting for Blick	to run as brother does	butting in
Ethyl Barnes	athletic	hitting someone	to beat Jack Johnson	crawling thru gym window
Lora Bernards	uppish	talking	to grow a Psyche	ask her mother
Al. Beck	windy	interrupting		ditching
Oliver Blake	wild	studying	hasn't any as yet	bashfulness
Lottie Bolds	foolish	cutting up	playing the piano	her existence
Marian Brasher	artificial	tooting her own horn	to be a leader	her boldness
Jean Brittian	retiring	studying	to be a school teacher	knowing so much
Grove Brown	abbreviated	collecting sheckels	to grow	his shortness
Ruby Brown		talking to G. G.	to be a daughter-in-law	her feet
Corliss Brownell	well-nourished	teasing	to live at ease	solitariness.
Clair Brunson	"willowy"	hanging feet in aisle	to graduate	squeaky voice
Alice Bryant	angelic	acting simple	to get old	jumping around
Lillian Bolstad	gawky	looking wise	isn't got none	her nose
Marie Carlson	meek	being good	run an orphan asylum	inaudible
Malcolm Carpenter	refined	wielding the viol	impressario	his good looks
Mercedes Cassillas	Spanish beauty	thinking	to own a millinery shop	cant be mentioned
Angelina Chapman	agreeable	keeping books	to cultivate a voice	nary a one
Gerald Chapman	rough-neck	arguing	to be a debator	his pipe
James Chapman	puny	working in cafe	to be a chef	his looks
Forrester Chase	phantom of delight	shifting scenes	to be leading man	good-heartedness
Arthur Church	bewitching	minding his own business	to go to college	42 credits
Marian Clancey	unapproachable	man-hating	down with the men	one thing after another
Reginald Coles	unapproachable	studying	to make good	silence
Dorothy Colwell	innocent	doesn't seem to have any	to stay at home	always being pleasant
Rose Cowan		dancing		have bands
Neal Creighton	long and lean	high jumping	to go seven feet	chewing gum
Marguerite Crist	noisy	worrying	undecided	awkwardness
Joseph Crosby	good-looking	making no noise	to be a "Pavlowa"	keeping away from girls
Taisey Darling		talking	to be an old maid	too numerous to mention
Earl Davis	sawed-off	singing	to grow a man's voice	blushes

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Besetting Sin
Frances DeLapp	barbarous	hitting people	to be a white hope	acting gentle
Ada Deutsch	tiny	walking around R. B.	to keep house	having freckles on her nose
Margaret Dick	honorable	getting an education	to own the 5th St. Store	being good-looking
Jeanette Doyle	peaceful	bringing fruit salad to school		going with R. H.
Martha Drake	meek	settling fights	to go to Hague Conference	none manifested so far
Dorothy Durage	sleepy			knowing nothing
Paul Dwyer	sissy	keeping quiet	to attain heights	his looks
Vida Eddy	impossible	talking about R. N.		
Mildred Eisenmayer	comfortable	seconding motions	to get thin	pumpkin pie
Mildred Ellis	blank	dreaming		
Laura Farrington	sombre	playing the fiddle		studying
Carrie Ferguson	roly-poly	keeping quiet	unknown	minding her own business
Stuart Fillmore	dandified	onlooker	too young to know	undiscovered
Mary Fitzgerald	fluffy	making dates	to get to school on time	being late every morning
Marguerite Flammer	saucy	looking wise	to have her own way	pouting.
Marguerite Filbur	pale	wearing a hat	to be good	minding the teachers
Hazel Foster	buxom	star-gazing	to go to heaven	lisping
Jesse Frampton	blushing	truck riding	to be a speechmaker	
Clyde Freeman	owning the earth	courting	to be cute	"whom can I do next?"
Lillian Freestone	harmless	don't believe she has any	to get out of school	can't find out
Verle George		being coquettish	to have a B. in chem.	
Arthur Gilman	Venus de Milo	walking with L. M.	to graduate	laziness
Robert Gilmore	red-headed	being quiet	too young to know	undiscovered
Augustus Greene	moderate	looking wise	to be happy	his smallness of stature
George Goulet	sedate	sitting with R. B.	to teach	"his niceness"
Jacqueline Gruwell	rummy	going to church	to be a teacher in Watts	wanting to get married
Theodore Haasis	coy	talking to himself	to get away from girls	don't know of any
Olive Hall	retiring	saying "I don't know"	to know something	
Ruth Hammond	petit	cartooning	to become a debutante	lisping
Louise Hamilton	fairy-like	writing editorials	to be a missionary	
Juanita Hamilton	good to look at	entertaining J. C.	to work in the chocolate shop	unknown
Franklin Harper	Spanish beauty	presiding at meetings	to have a steady	"girls"
Dorothy Harris		agent for anti-fat		reciting
Carlton Henley	cockolorum	crabbing	to know it all	gift of gab
Vera Hilton	"Dutchy"		to be a nightingale	going with W. W.
Evelyn Houghton	dumb	asking questions	to stop blushing	"nobody at home"
Naomi Hunt	pretty good		to have black hair	smiling
Josephine Hunt	pretty	amusing someone	to be an Osteopath	her wavy hair
Faye Hughes	heavy	bluffing	to be somebody	
Lucy Huse	purity personified	smiling	to find some one her size	curling her hair
Phil Hardy	bantam	killing time		his size
Helen Imies		lugging books	to run a merry-go-round	good looks
James Ingram	harmless	chasing rabbits	to be highly polished	trying to be wise
Marian Inwood	frightened	loafing	to be popular	getting embarrassed
Albert Jach	well-fed	looking at J. S.	minus	fatness

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Besetting Sin
Dorothy James	dimpled	keeping in background	to wear a diamond ring	looking embarrassed
Arvid Johnson	possible	"doing" mimerians	to be noisy	quietness
Lyla Johnson	passable	making dates	to take the lead in a play	always knowing her lessons
Robert Jones	flirty	making dates	to travel	acting fresh
Frieda Kaiser	solitary	knowing it all	to apply remedies	asking questions
Harold Kasner	doubtful	hurrying	to be a basketball star	his walk
Buelah Keethler	"dollie"		to be a coquette	
Ballinger Kemp	stocky	playing baseball	to be a banker	queening
Katherine Kelly	"Irish"	gossiping	to get a "B" in Spanish	singing
Floyd Kennard	musical	singing	to be a Caruso	wavy hair
Rachel Kimball	gracious	getting out of classes	to tour Europe	talking to teachers
Andrew Kirk	"Swede"	sitting at S. G. desk	to be a policeman	brains
Goldah Kirk	blondy	being absent	to appear in public	
Revel Kitchen	dazed	talking in her sleep	to get out of a test	her name
Don Kitt	springy	teasing	to be a Mordkin	foolishness
Charlotte Knapp	smart	keeping quiet	to teach school	knowing too much
Howard Krauter	solid	keeping quiet	to be a Post Grad.	"cuteness"
Agnes Kraemer	hopeless	bluffing	to learn to sing	her voice
Loraine Kuck	noiseless	gum-shoeing	to attain heights	
Ruth Lewis	clingy	cooking	to own the dairy lunch	growing
Robert Lewis	blondy	cartooning	to grow elflike	slenderness
Hazel Liggett	chunky	eating lunch in 212	to get through school	too neat
Wilda Lincoln	grouchy	writing class songs	to be a tennis shark	bossing
Ruth List	serene	violinist	house keeper	her violin
Helen List	genteel	whistling	governor of Calif.	her appearance
May Lloyd	sweet	working the teachers	to get thru Normal	her quietness
Ross Lopez	business-like	onto his job	to be ruler of men	gum shoeing
Ynez Lowe	distressed	posing	to get before footlights	being tiny
Bessie Lyon		doing nothing	to get thru with school	
Leonard Lyon	bantam rooster	strutting	to become a business man	conceit
Frank Lorrenson	deceiving	slugging	to join Red Sox	more than one
Sarah Lucy	fat	sitting in Arcade 7th per.	to be a pearl	dieting
Leslie Lynch	easy-going	being a gentleman	to own a "chicken" ranch	his winning ways
Francis MacGinnis	girlish	property man	to marry the most beautiful woman in world	his long hair
Thelma MacKenzie	willowy	a society dame	to grow short	her clothes
Ella Maine	simple	saying nothing	to be friendly	ha! haing!
Glen Mack	brickey	queening L. J.	to have dark hair	
Stella March	quiet	blushing	to become an actress	
Frieda Martens	young	drifting around	to do her hair up	her sins haven't developed
Florence Mayer	industrious	educating herself	to be a "stenog."	
Clara Maynard	pessimistic	being sarcastic	to have a good picture taken	its not found yet
Elsa Mays	fair	being happy		having a good time
Gladys Mattison	lazy	talking	to wear white gloves at commencement	visiting Dreamland

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Besetting Sin
Leola McGee	slender	just thinking	she won't tell	none visible
Sybil McClelland	dopy	talking	to be a suffragette	her debating
Mary McGovern	sombre	trying to be a "queen"	too high above her	Having a case on R. U.
Morton McKinnon	"nuff-sed"		none	none to speak of
James McClellan	comfortable	lacking	unknown quantity	minus quantity of "pep"
James McLellan	dandified	asking questions	none as yet	his collars
Ward McVicar	elongated	"high jumping"	"six feet flat"	laziness
Effie Medlar	angelic	pounding a typewriter	to be president of $ marks	they have flown
Emma Melick	neglected	just walking	nary a one	dreaming
Dorothy Merritt	deliberate	cramming	to be a blue stocking	her purity
Jessie Miller	well-fed	floating around	to be a violinist	her weight
Gladys Mishler	classy	fussing	to have a bull-dog	talking in her sleep
Livona Moore	tall	gossiping	to speak clearly	being coquettish
Alex Morrison	foolish	learning to dance	to be the king's jester	his figure
Hazel Morton	pathetic	teaching Sunday school	to preach the gospel	has none
Agnes Murphy	insipid	looking after other people	to own a hair-dressing parlor	lack of humor
Will Martin	villainous	studying economics	to graduate	coming from "Poly"
Hallie Marvin	Shorty	studying	to be learned	too brilliant
Alice Nelson	barbarous	studying	"to know"	her feet
Lillian Palmer	helpless	giggling	to land something	herself
Susie Paramore	saucy	talking to E. K.	to be a social swell	his conceit
Graham Parkinson	spoony	drifting	to be right	himself
Phil Peterman	substantial	plodding	to be a man	quietness
Harry Posson	fuzzy	studying	to wear black shoes at commencement	unaccountable
Juanita Powell	noiseless	carrying her hat		
Ethel Quincy	dimpled	nothing	undecided	none
Flossie Ramsey	peaceful	looking around	to grow older	innocence
Marguerite Ray		sleeping	to get married	her clothes
Caroline Raymond		keeping quiet	not to be absent	having celebrated ancestry
Harold Raw	painful	worker	to become a merchant prince	none
Maisie Reed	insipid	talking	to be a writer	stuttering
Joe Rosenblum	gentlemanly	prize-fighting	to be lightweight champion	using slang
Frieda Rostel	pugilistic	acting as a "pony"	to know more	too bright
Myrtle Robertson		primping	to be popular	eating pickles
Florence Raiff	spooky	steering clear of everybody	to teach at Sunday School	being good
Victorine Schmitz	bashful	being cheerful	to go to Germany	her mind
James Scoville	angular	looking around	to talk more	his size
Fredelle Sexton	dramatic	talking about boys		
Lester Sheet	easy-going	utilize time	to sit with the learned	his brains
Genevieve Shilling	meek			too many to mention
Florence Shoop	short, but sweet	to cultivate a voice	to break a heart	talking through her nose
Lily Siems	demure	blushing	to be a lady	her politeness
Albra Smart	long and lean	being happy	to be a socialist	her bones
Langdon Smead	industrious	wielding the gavel	to do all the good he can	forgetfulness

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Besetting Sin
Jay Smith	all O. K.	keeping order	to go to Ann Arbor	his personality
Leo Smith	qinky	blushing	undecided	his face
Helen Snodgrass		trying to get in gym at noon		her feet
Revel Spencer	sick	being dignified	hasn't any	her manner
Arista Staley	husky	being peevish	to look like a man	too much knowledge
Frances Steed	studious	learning more	to be a nurse	
Roger Sturges	"Cutie"		to develop an artistic ability	age
Anne Stuart		coming to school in P. M.	to grow a psyche	hunting praise
Irene Swarthout	dazed	doing nothing	to appear in a good light	hunting praise
Ruby Teachout	square	cooking	to be a jewel (Ruby)	her name
Ruth Thompson	simple		to get out of class	her excuses
Elizabeth Towle	delightful			
Ruth Truitt	sedate	in room 101	to return to Pomona	defending her old home
Helen Turner	fair	running around for Mrs. Colver	to have a home	her ailments
Earl Van Aken	spooky	being dignified	to be a teacher	only boy graduate going to Normal
Dale Van Every	scholarly	digging	chief justice	nary a one
Clare Van Velzer	"Dutchy"	grinning	emperor of Germany	not found
Frank Ward	harmless	hasn't any	undecided	quietness
Veva Wareham	moderate	nothing	don't know	few and far between
Lucille Watson	fiery	making the government	to be a soap-box speaker	attending I. W. W. meetings
Ruth Watson	prim	being a lady	to become learned	blushing
Charles Webb	Fatty	doing nothing	to get somewhere	lisping
Ray Weisbrod	tame	running the mile	come in first in the mile	bashfulness
Madeline Wheaton	flighty	primping	to go on the stage	acting coquettish
John White	blusterer	just talking	to be grafter	
Lew Wiles	artificially sun-kissed hair	cutting periods	to be a man of letters	"peroxide bottle"
Dorothy Wilkinson	friendly	in room 102	to be a seamstress	her spectacles
Martha Wilson	serene	chemistry	to have a heart	undiscovered
Louise Winder	pretty	being good	to be a school teacher	her "length"
Marguerite Wingert	young	studying	to be learned	too brilliant
John Younce	foolish	tooting his horn	to vote	gift of gab
Forrest Young	heavy	reducing	to be willowy	weight
Theresa Young	medium	ditching	to graduate	chewing the rag
Earl Zimmerman	serpentine	sprinting	to be a bachelor	not found as yet

Mary P Putnam

J. Osborne
Albert B. Clayton.

Senior B Officers

Claude Morrow, Pres.

Marie Rendall, V. Pres.
Harry Webb, Treas.

Myrtle Danziger, Sec.
Herbert Smith, V. Pres.

Didn't we make a splendid showing that first day when we marched to our reserved seats? Didn't you all agree that it was the best class that Alma Mater ever claimed?

And we are a true Manual Arts class. Starting school on the first February of Manual Arts life we have come straight through, until now we have only a half-term before us.

There were only six hundred and fifty in this school before we came, but when we registered, six hundred and sixty-eight strong, we more than doubled the enrollment. Even then we had the majority. We claim the distinction of being the only B9 class in school who voted in two student body elections in one term. Ever since this initial miracle, we have done remarkable things. We always have been the leading spirits and active in school life.

Looking back over our achievements this year, look at the successful picnics and parties that we have had. Do you remember the score of the senior track meet?—71½ to 48½. There is no need to ask in whose favor.

No classroom in school can offer any such showing at 316. Three hundred and sixteen has representatives in every organization and every interest in the school. Players' Club members are: Eva Faulk, Lawrence Tibbet and Leo Holderman. The track men are: Penn, Henderson and Hughes. The dancing class is represented by Marie Rendall and Lillian Shattuck. There are three league debaters: Claude Morrow, Irene Millier, and Ruth Haag. The numerous Mimerian and Adelphic members complete the list. There is hardly a student in the room who has not done something for Manual Arts.

Classroom 251's specialty is a zoo. All members are guaranteed to be able to stand anything, for they have lived for five months with a rattlesnake, numberless bugs, all kinds of fishes, and a few human skeletons.

The inmates of 216 say that they specialize in quality, as they number only twenty. They have one mimerian and one of the leads in the opera, Edna Shelton.

As one enters 351 the studious atmosphere makes itself strong enough to overpower any ordinary mortal. The theory of the survival of the fittest is especially applicable to this room.

Juniors

We hate to talk about ourselves, but just consider what a dull place this would be if we Juniors were taken from the student body. There are four hundred of us and the march down the road of School Life has been one of continuous victories.

Consider our star track team without its Junior members. It would be a sad affair. This also applies to the foot-ball and base-ball teams.

In dramatics we excell. Ted Watrous who directed The Road to Yesterday, is one of us. Ruth Cornell, Stoddard Atwood, and a good portion of that clever caste belong to us.

Our Mimerian list is too long to print.

Many of our members have produced some remarkable literary work. In fact most of the members of the Pen and Pencil club are juniors.

The junior class is really the happy medium in school line. The Freshmen know nothing, the Sophs know a little more, while the Seniors know too much.

Watch us, we will continue to do things.

Sophomores

Having passed from the lowest form of larvae, the scrub stage, Sophs are, by all rules and regulations, supposed to own heads altogether too large for their bodies. But considering what good reason this year's Sophs have for enlarged heads, I think we have kept ours to a fairly normal size. Of course, there are exceptions, but considering—

In debating we have an excellent representative, and the track team would never have won the championship without our help.

We have among us great men and women; we have accomplished great things, and we have contributed generously to the different branches of art, literature, science and history. Taking it all in all, we are a wonderful people; a people apart from the common throng. Snobs we are not; we speak to Seniors and Juniors, and sometimes even glance at a larvae.

Oh, life is a sweet and beautiful thing when you are a Soph. Just one long, peaceful dream. Our hopes and joys are magnitudinous, our cares and sorrows infinitesimal. So roll on Old Father Time, we care naught for you. We Sophs live in a continual state of exhilaration.

Freshmen

When the signs were posted on the walls for the aid of the Freshmen no one realized the hordes that would read them. Five hundred green, scared, shivering, scrubs gawked up at the signs and believed them. The funny part of it is that we had to ship an enormous mob of them to other schools. Those that did stay look promising. Some day they will be Seniors. Then we will see and hear more of them.

Post Graduate Officers

The Post Graduate Class

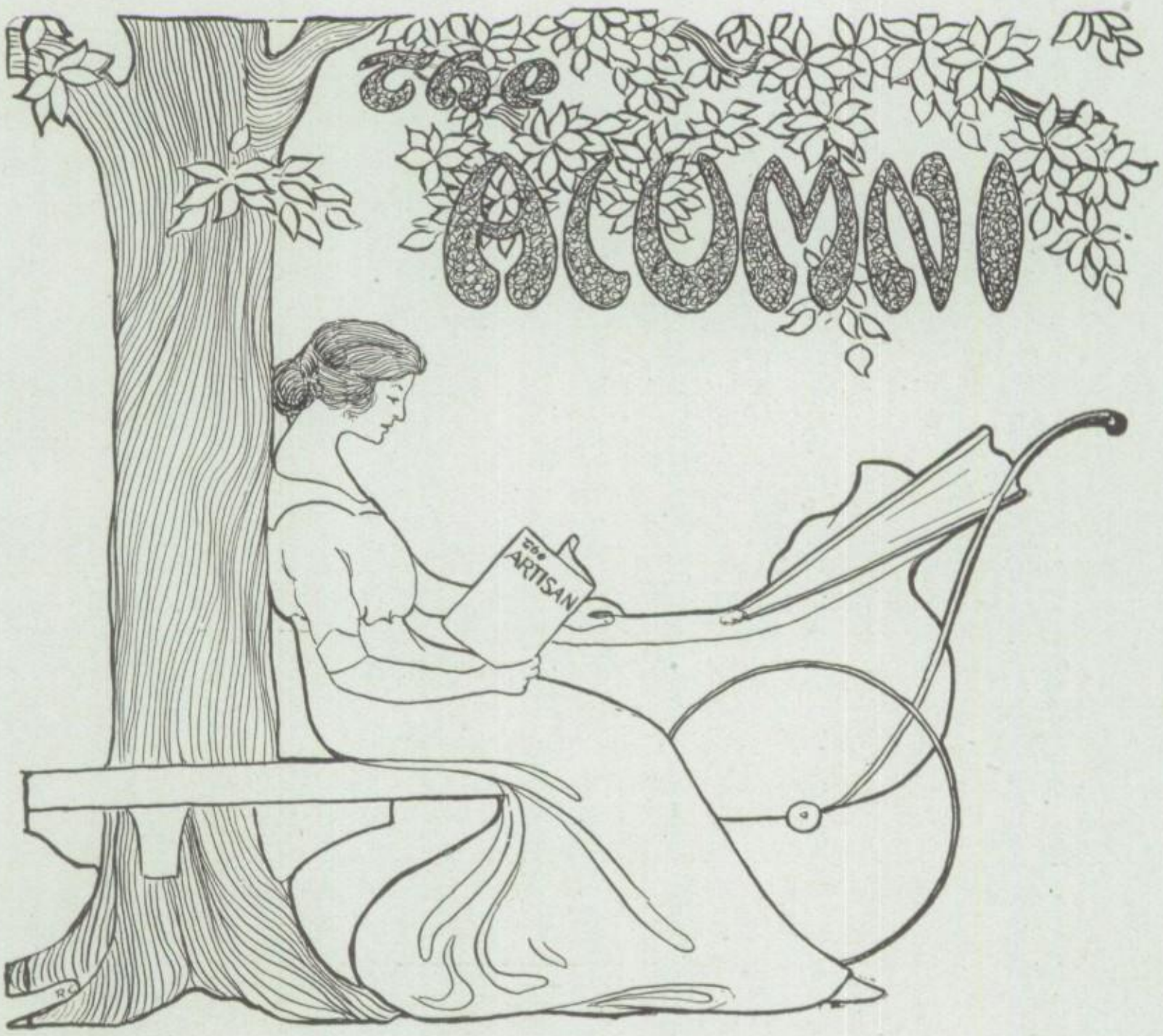
We are still rallying around the banner of Manual Arts; we cannot break away from the Manual spirit. Although we are Seniors no more, and naturally not so puffed up as we used to be, we are not the has-beens and dead ones that you might believe us to be.

We certainly believe in having a good time, even if we do study a great deal, since we have given several informal dances and enjoyable get-together parties throughout the term. We have these not only for the good time, but also to get acquainted with the lower classmen. Taking everything into consideration we are having the time of our lives at Manual Arts.

The Post-Grads number about seventy, thus giving us two Council members and four Self-Government representatives, so we play a considerable part in school affairs even at the present time.

One point in our favor is that we are composed of those who claim various schools as their Alma Mater, thus comprising the knowing ones of different alumni, since we are not all from Manual. Some are taking only one subject in order to specialize, as many do in Arts and Crafts, while many others are taking extra college entrance requirements.

Charles Sebastian is taking some studies at U. S. C., but we notice that he comes here every afternoon. He said that it was too dull for him over there, so he has to come here for excitement. Alfred Fowks was undecided as to post-graduate work last commencement, but since a little girl is still enjoying Manual life, he decided to do the same. Even Richard Edwards decided to stick by Manual Arts after going to Polytechnic for six months. At that time he said all of the pretty girls went to Poly. What is it, Edwards, some new attraction? So it goes, some returning for one reason, some for another, but, of course, the primary reason is to learn and accomplish as much as we can. This is why we all join in saying, "Manual Arts is good enough for us."


The Alcove
ARTISAN

Alumni

The Alumni Association—do you belong to it? If you do not you soon will. To gain a membership in this rapidly growing organization means four long years of work, better known to some as "digging," and the accompanying joys.

The vital purpose of the association is to keep its members ever mindful of the fact that they have not yet finished their education, at least in the eyes of the institution from which they graduated and to keep alive that school-day zest and enthusiasm which will ever awake pleasant memories.

One of the main objects of the Alumni is to encourage real live "get-togethers" among the students. The members make it a point to become acquainted with the upper classmen before they graduate and **to cultivate the social side of the student's life as the school is cultivating the intellectual side.**

The Alumni Association was organized, following the graduation of the class of winter '13, with a very small membership, but we are pleased to relate that after the illustrious class of Summer '14 joins us, we will be a half-thousand strong.

The Association has shown much wisdom in the choice of its officers. The present ones are Charles Sebastian S'13, President; Theresa Goss S'13, Vice-President; Alfred Fowlks, W'14, Secretary; Palmer Beckwith S'13, Treasurer.

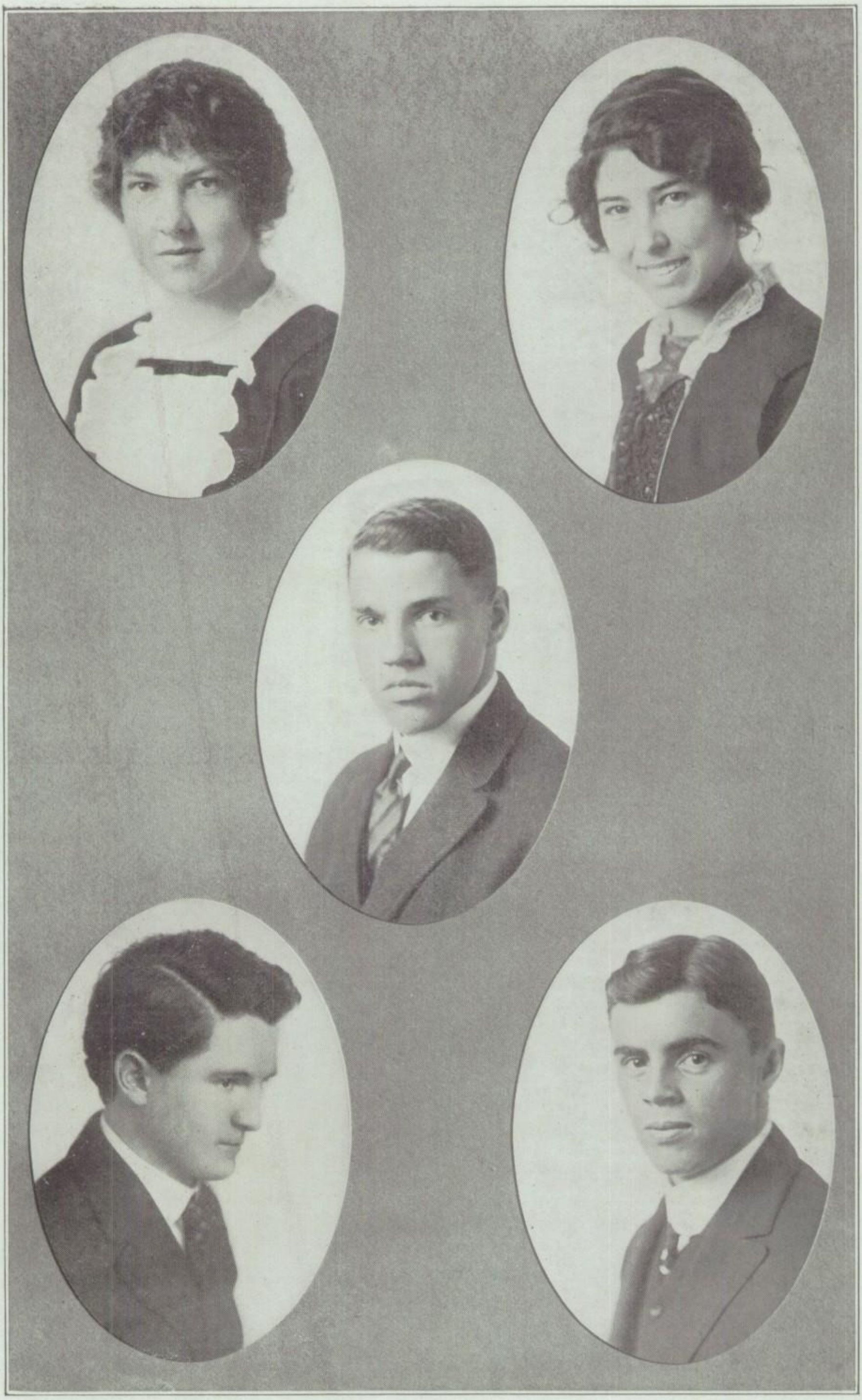
Pen and Pencil

Most of us already know the aim of the Pen and Pencil Club is to draw out the literary talent of the school, yet most of us do not realize the full scope of this work. The organization furnishes the Artisan with stories, besides running the "once-in-a-while" section of the Weekly. Next term the Club plans to issue a separate magazine, full of jokes, stories and poems from the fertile brains of the members.

Editor Ralph Cleveland has done good work in selecting magazine material this term, and it will be hard to fill his place next year. The officers of the Club are: Douglas Kirchoffer, president, and Alice Bryant, secretary.

Boys' League

The Boys' League opened the year auspiciously by giving a very lively entertainment for the entering Freshmen, but since then has failed to let the students know of its existence. The clubroom has failed to materialize, and the League has developed into little more than a name. The Girls' League has been a great success, and there is no reason why the boys can't make their organization mean as much to them as the girls do theirs. The boys should be brought together and get to know each other outside of classes, and this league is a sure solution of the problem of how to do it. It is officered by men with pep and go, who will see that there is something doing; it can be made a real power in our school.



Student Body Officers

Cafeteria

The Cafeteria has been far underestimated in previous publications and deserves much more praise than it gets. It may look easy to feed about 1500 people in the short space of forty-five minutes, but—ask Mrs. Hoffman. In order to furnish this one meal for the hungry mob that infests the "pie line" and the crowd that lines up in front of the "caf," the helpers in the kitchen must work from about 5:30 in the morning till about 6:00 at night, besides the extra time put in on special occasions, such as banquets in the evening. Mrs. Hoffman especially has proved to be the friend of many a classroom, catering to an ice cream taste and punch thirst when they give dances. Another important branch of the Cafeteria is the candy counter. In the 45 minutes allowed for noon hour, Rusty and his assistants at the "Sweet Shop" do more business than some confectionaries do in a day. And yet they talk about the H. C. of L. This organization alone does $30 worth of business every day.

Girls' League

The Girls' League, although the largest organization in the school, is the least known. It is a sort of big sister idea among the girls. Entering pupils are taken care of by the older girls. They are aided in their studies and assisted in their social activites.

This particular Girls' League claims the distinction of being the only High School League in the country.

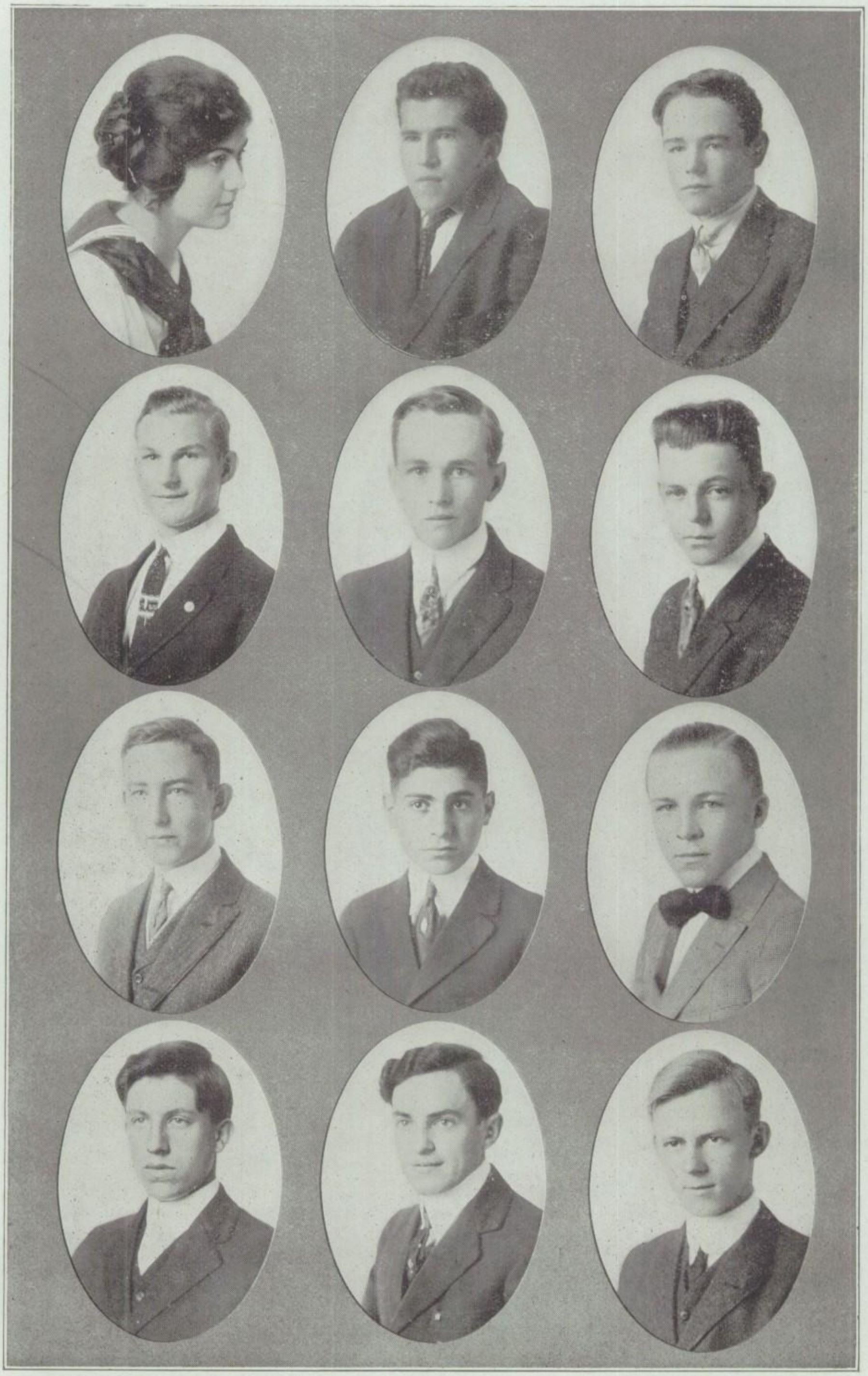
Council

The Council this year is really doing things. Besides completely reorganizing the workings of the Self Government jury system, they have dug out all the past records and patched up the school constitution until it looks like a new one. By-laws have been printed and entertainments arranged for by this industrious body. The Board of Managers, a branch of the Council, composed of the managers of all school activities, has taken into its hands the matter of finance and other things that were considered too difficult to be brought before such a large body as the Council as a whole. The Council has this year been truly interesting for the members, more discussions have been held than heretofore and members have seemed to realize the importance of their positions. Much credit is due to Langdon Smead, Franklyn Harper, Rachel Kimball, Angelena Chapman and Lewis Ballenger, who as officers are the best the school could wish for. Long live the Council.

School Council

Debating

Manual Arts has taken part in more debates this term than any other high school in the city. We have participated in arguments and debates of every kind; extemporaneous and prepared. Altho we have not always won, we have come pretty near it, and we feel satisfied with what we have done. Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Poly, and Lincoln have been among our foes.



Weekly Staff

Weekly

There is one department of the school that is a greater booster for M. A. than any other activity. This is commonly known as the Weekly. It is an advertising agency, an information bureau, and a news carrier—all in one. It is the only medium of communication we have with other schools that happen to be too far away for athletic rivalry.

As many outsiders gain their impressions of the school through that school's paper, this paper must be truly representative of the school. It must express the aims and ideals of the school—not in a stereotyped form, but in a way to appeal to the average high school boy and girl. It should not be formal, but should be bubbling over with our good spirits.

Does our Weekly do all of this? Well, rather. It has the Manual Arts stamp on every page of it. Need we say more?

Carlton Henley has done his best to make this term's Weekly surpass all previous efforts, and it is the opinion of all that he has succeeded admirably.

Civic League

Through the efforts of Miss Dole and Will Martin, a Civic League has at last been formed. This league has a membership in the Municipal League. The purpose is to instruct the students in the business of voting, so that when the time for voting comes they will cast their vote with some degree of intelligence.

Latin Club

At last it is here. The one club needed to fill out the number of organizations needed for a school of the size and dignity of Manual Arts. What is it? Why the Latin Club, of course. The Senior A's who are taking Virgil, wishing to do something commendable, as they are the first ones to complete the Latin course at Manual, busied themselves and formed the Latin Club. It has started off with a rush and gives promise to rank "primus" among the many M. A. organizations.

The officers are: Lucile Watson, president; June McClaren, vice-president; and Earl Davis, treasurer.

Latin Club Officers

Lucile Watson, Pres.

June McLaren, V. Pres.

Earl Davis, Sec.

Irene Swartout, Treas.

Self Government

The Self Government organizations are doing excellent work this year under the leadership of Marie Stanley and Ross Lopez. Despite the many attacks made on the committees, they are still flourishing and serving as models for other schools who would do well to observe and copy. The new jury system which provided for a seven-man jury has proven how cumbersome the old system really was. More impartiality and fairness is now shown than ever before, while old offenders are being "soaked" harder than ever. Truly the "In Bad" club is still a flourishing organization in this school. The idea of selling reserved seats to all entertainments has facilitated the work of the committee, in that there is not now the rush for seats, and the crowd in the halls that was so pervasive and hard to handle in the old days.

French Club

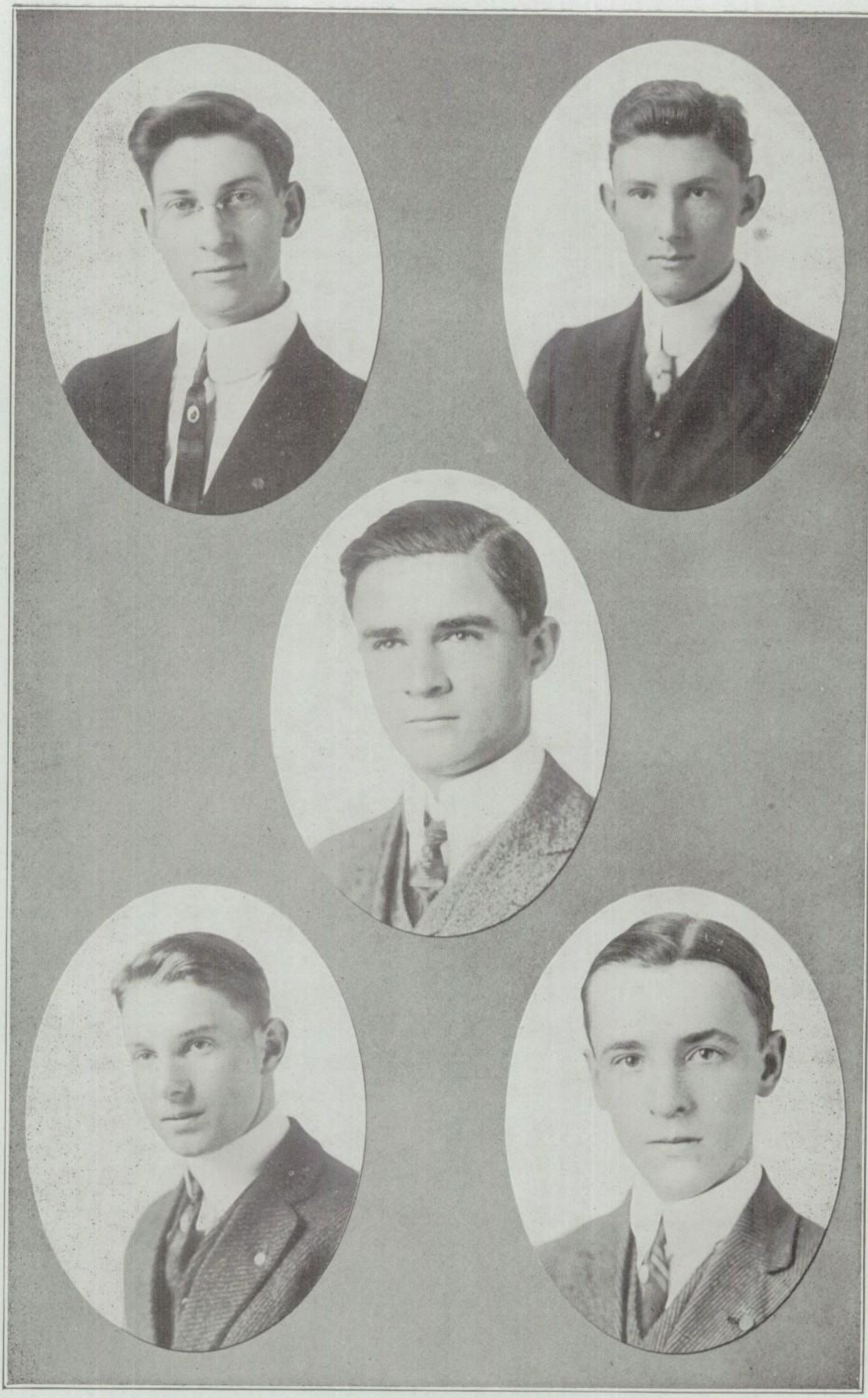
The French Club has been organized this term under the name of L'Alliance de la Fleur de Lis. The officers elected at the first meeting are as follows: Ruth Hammond, president; Calvin Patton, vice-president; Alice Von dem Hagen, secretary; Anita Veale, treasurer. This club has aided, and will continue to materially aid its members in becoming fluent in French conversation. The meetings, held twice a month, are conducted entirely in French, and during the sessions no English is spoken. The founding of the club is due to the untiring and appreciated efforts of Miss Levy, who is truly an inspiration to all the members.

Girls' Self Government Officers

Marie Stanley, Pres.

Dorothy Webster, Pros. Atty.
Helen Chute, Treas.

Elizabeth Armstrong, V. Pres.
Marian Holland, 2nd V. Pres.



Boys' Self Government Officers

Ross Lopez, Pres.

Herbert Brown, V. Pres.
Clifford Henderson, Serg. at Arms.

Samuel Bornstein, Sec.
Leonard S. Lyon, Pros. Atty.

French Club Officers

Ruth Hammond Pres.

Calvin Patten, V. Pres.
Anita Veal, Treas.

Alice Von dem Hagen, Sec.
Lili Lucci, Editor

Mimerian Officers

Frances Steed, Pres.

Louise Hamilton, V. Pres.

Franklin Harper, V. Pres.

Frieda Rostel, Sec.

Mimerian Society

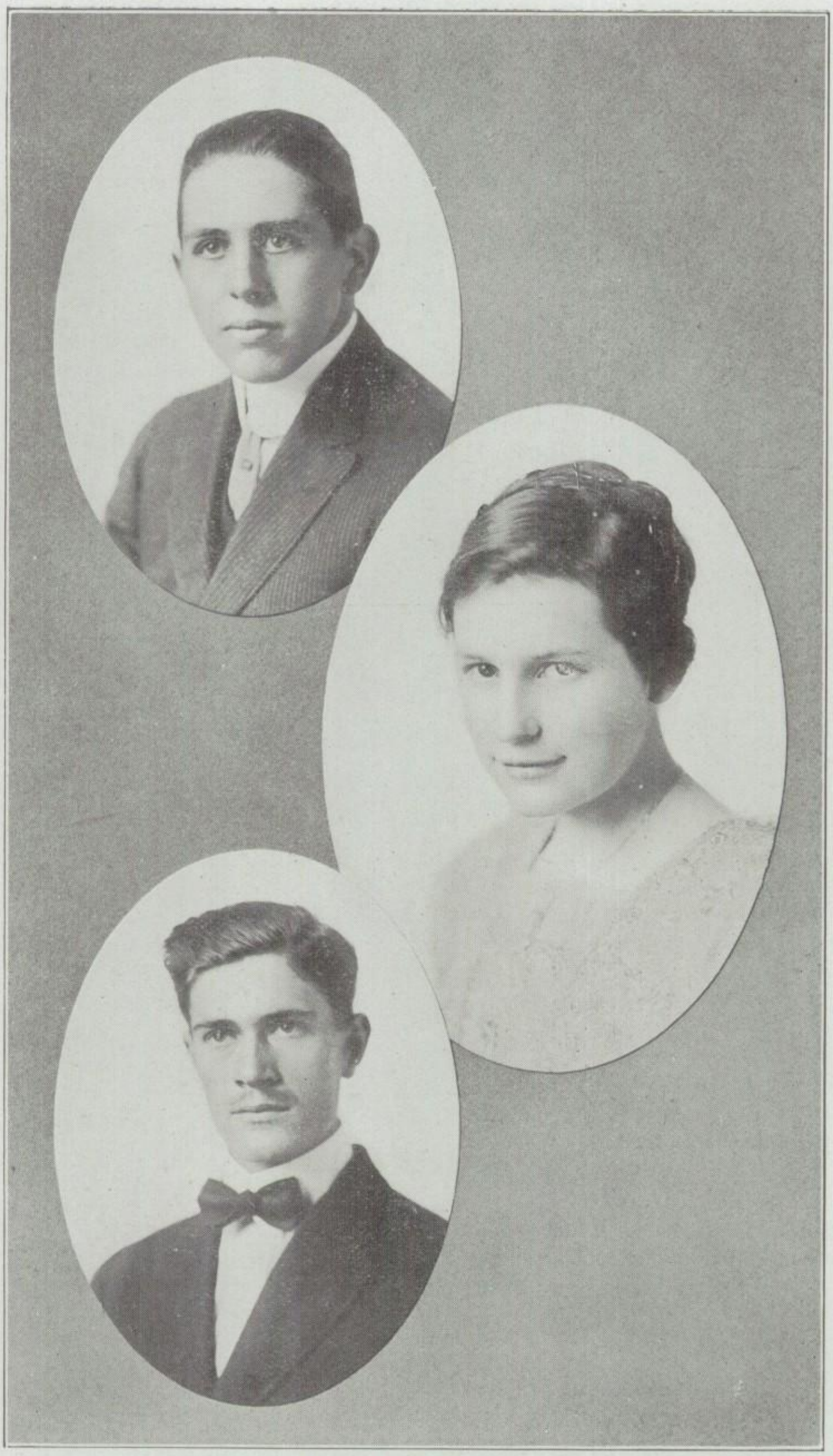
The Mimerian society, while not giving plays, operas, divertisements, or otherwise advertising itself, has been doing truly good work in another and a more useful line. All students failing in school subjects are now entitled to apply to the society for a helper for their special diffculties. This work will aid in placing Manual at the bottom of the list as far as per cent of failures are concerned. Francis Steed as publicly applauded. Here's hoping that next term will see them in president of the society has the thanks of many a discouraged student for saving him or her from a D.

Adelphic Society

Up to the time of going to press, the Adelphic Society had not given any entertainments this term, but unusual care was being taken to insure a program that would make up for some of the previous trite or banal offerings. "Quality, not quantity," is President Emmons' motto. He believes, and rightly, that one really good entertainment is worth half a dozen mediocre ones. Many of the students believe that the Adelphic Society and the Players' Club are conflicting organizations, but this is not true. The Players' Club is composed of students of the acted drama, while the Adelphic society embraces not only the dramatic, but the musical and other aesthetic departments of the school that may contribute to stage entertainment.

Spanish Club

The Spanish Club started the year completely organized and officered. They have been the hosts of numerous parties and picnics. The club, however, is not entirely social. Those who belong have taken a keen interest in the language and have joined because of the excellent opportunity for Spanish conversation.



Adelphic Officers

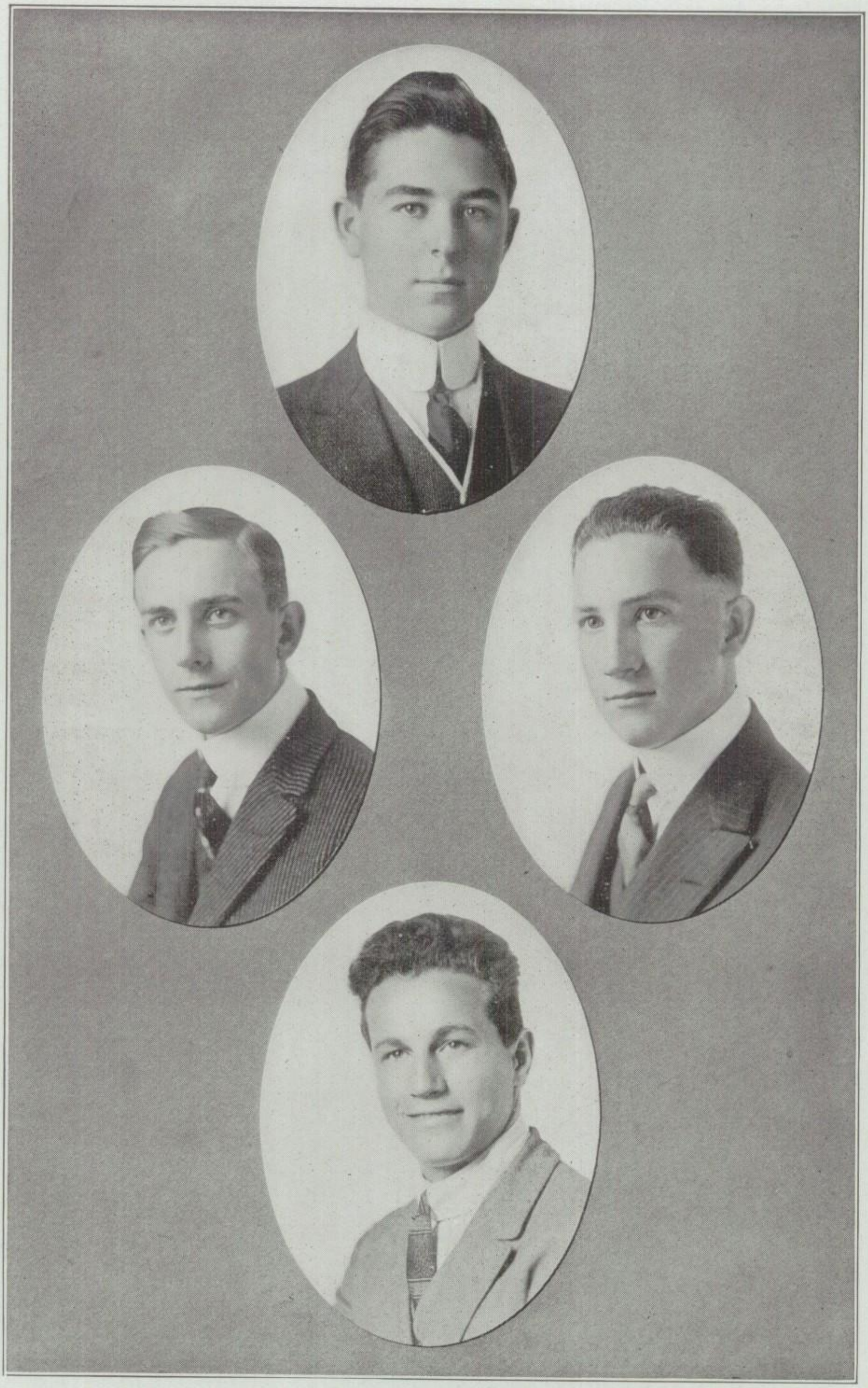
Fay Emmons, Pres.

Fred McCauley, Sec. *Vida Eddy, V. Pres.*

Spanish Club Officers

Franklin Harper, Pres.

Faye Hughes, V. Pres. *Angelina Chapman, Sec.*



Book Exchange Staff

Roy Elmore, Manager

Fitz MacChandler, 1st Ass't. *Scott Nottingham, 2nd Ass't.*

Kenneth Borckman, 3rd Ass't.

Book Exchange

As the years go by, the book exchange, the most important, yet the smallest organization at Manual Arts, finds itself one of greater importance in the school. Each year this organization does more efficient work in promoting school spirit, by introducing Manual novelties.

The great success of the exchange this term is due largely to the efficient work of the boys in charge. Roy Elmore, the manager, has succeeded in obtaining some of the lowest possible prices on articles that are needed by the students every day, thus saving cash, time and temper for them.

The average day's business of the exchange amounts to about $45, and besides taking care of this, the boys have charge of the "Lost and Found" department. Elmore states that at least thirty lost articles a day are turned in to the "L. & F."

Fitz Chandler, Scott Nottingham, and Kenneth Brockman have faithfully rendered their services as assistant managers this past term.

Spigoni Club

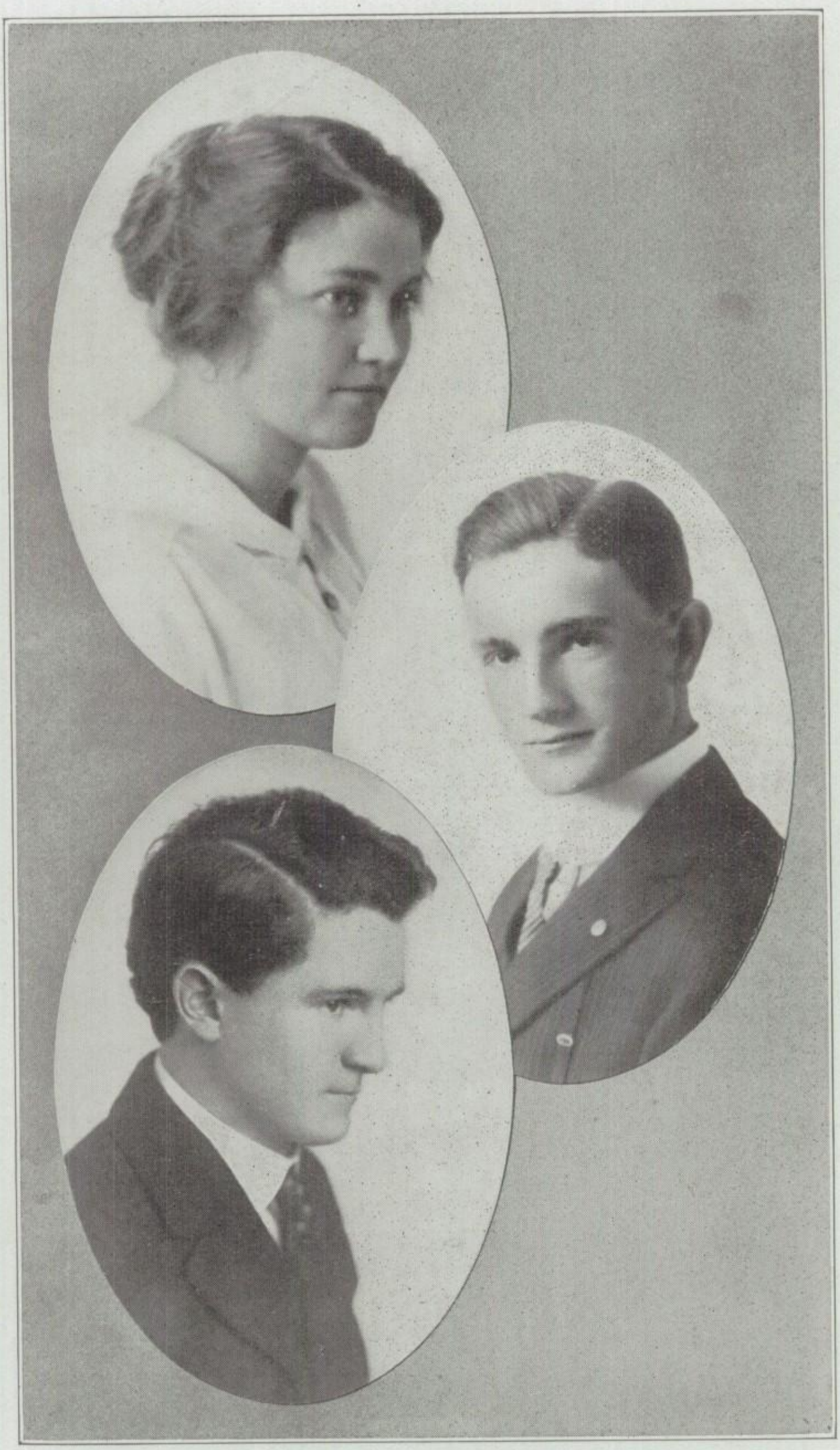
The newest organization which graces Manual's halls is the Spigoni Club. This club's purpose is to promote good feeling and good times among a certain group of boys who are near enough manhood to be able to grow mustaches in embryo on their upper lips. The membership is limited to twenty-five. The officers are: Jesse Frampton, President; Clyde Freeman, Vice-President; Ted Watrous, Secretary; Jay Smith, Treasurer.

Player's Club

The work of the Player's Club this year speaks well for this young but flourishing organization. The play "The Road to Yesterday," was remarkably well played and was conspicuous for the lack of amateurishness in the acting. Miss Ruth Cornell played the lead opposite Stoddard Atwood, and two better leads could not have been picked from the whole school. The Players' Club has strict entrance requirements so that dramatic ability is absolutely necessary in order to become one of the lucky members. Lawrence Tibbet is president of the club with Stoddard Atwood as secretary.

Players' Club

Scene from "Road to Yesterday"



Commercial Club Officers

Ronald Lewis, Pres.

Elsie Angel, V. Pres. *Louis Ballenger, Sec. and Treas.*

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club, commonly known as the "Dollar Marks" is purely a social club. All persons who have worked in the Student Body office of this school are eligible for membership. The good times that this club have had are numerous, a few of them were hay rides, a Hallowe'en party, and various other social activities. Altho this club is very inconspicuous, the spirit of the students and teachers interested in it is worthy of mention.

Stage Crew

At the first glance at this bunch one might think that they were dangerous. But don't be alarmed; they only wear these clothes when they are behind the scenes. These are the husky ones who paint the stage floors, pull the curtains, and make all the noise between the acts. The fellow with the derby is the most important, yet the poorest worker. He's the manager. Folks have to cultivate the habit of being very nice to this particular fellow if they want to put on a successful production.

Auditorium Committee

It is due to the Aud. Committee that the recent systematic seating of the students was installed. Saddler inaugurated this system. When he was obliged to leave school, Crawford was placed in charge. The order and dispatch with which the near mobs are now handled has never before been equaled.

Stage Crew

Auditorium Committee

Girls' Glee Club

Glee Clubs

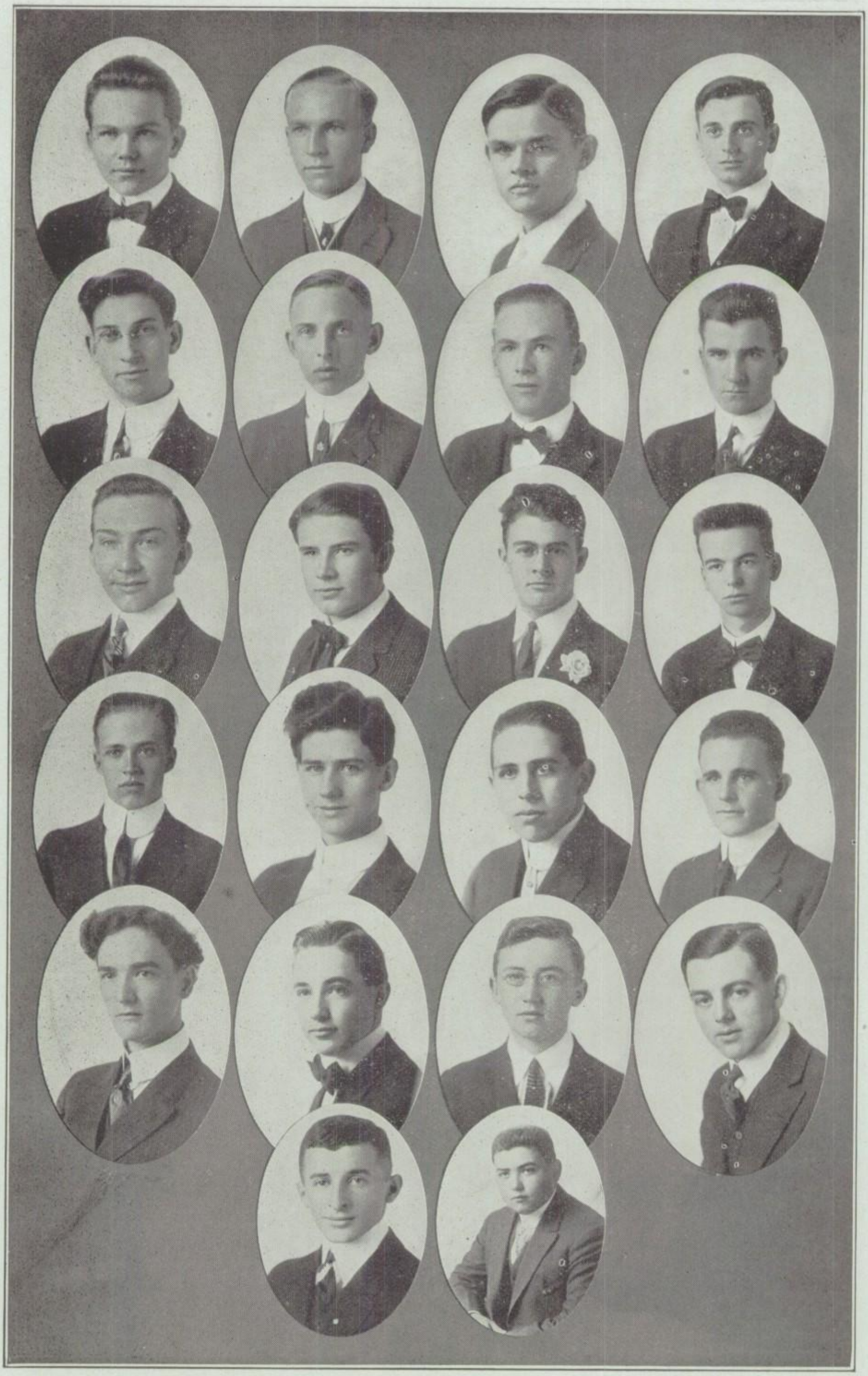
As this magazine was getting ready for publication, the Glee Clubs were in the midst of rehearsals for the opera "Priscilla." The leads were carefully selected after many tryouts and much hard work on the part of Miss Groves and Miss Willson. Vera Morrow and Arthur Gilman were selected to sing the leads in the opera, and their voices are probably the best in the school for the parts of Priscilla and John Alden. The Glee Clubs did not make their appearance as often this term as heretofore, as their preparation for the opera has occupied their time, and they have been traveling to the different grammar schools of the city and giving entertainments. This is a very worthy thing to do, but the students want more of the glee clubs on our own stage. The clubs never fail to make a hit when singing here, so we should hear more of them. Besides we need music, often and plenty of it, to soothe our savagery.

Band

Thus far this term the band has been an unseen, or rather unheard, quantity. What has been the matter? The band was conspicuous for its absence at the track meets where it was needed so much. We didn't realize how it helped to have the band playing at our games as much as we have lately when they fail to come out. Perhaps the school has not shown due appreciation for their part in success, but we are a busy people and no one or an organization is expected to be peeved if not publicly applauded. Here's hoping that next term will seem them in those long promised new suits and occupying that much needed band stand.

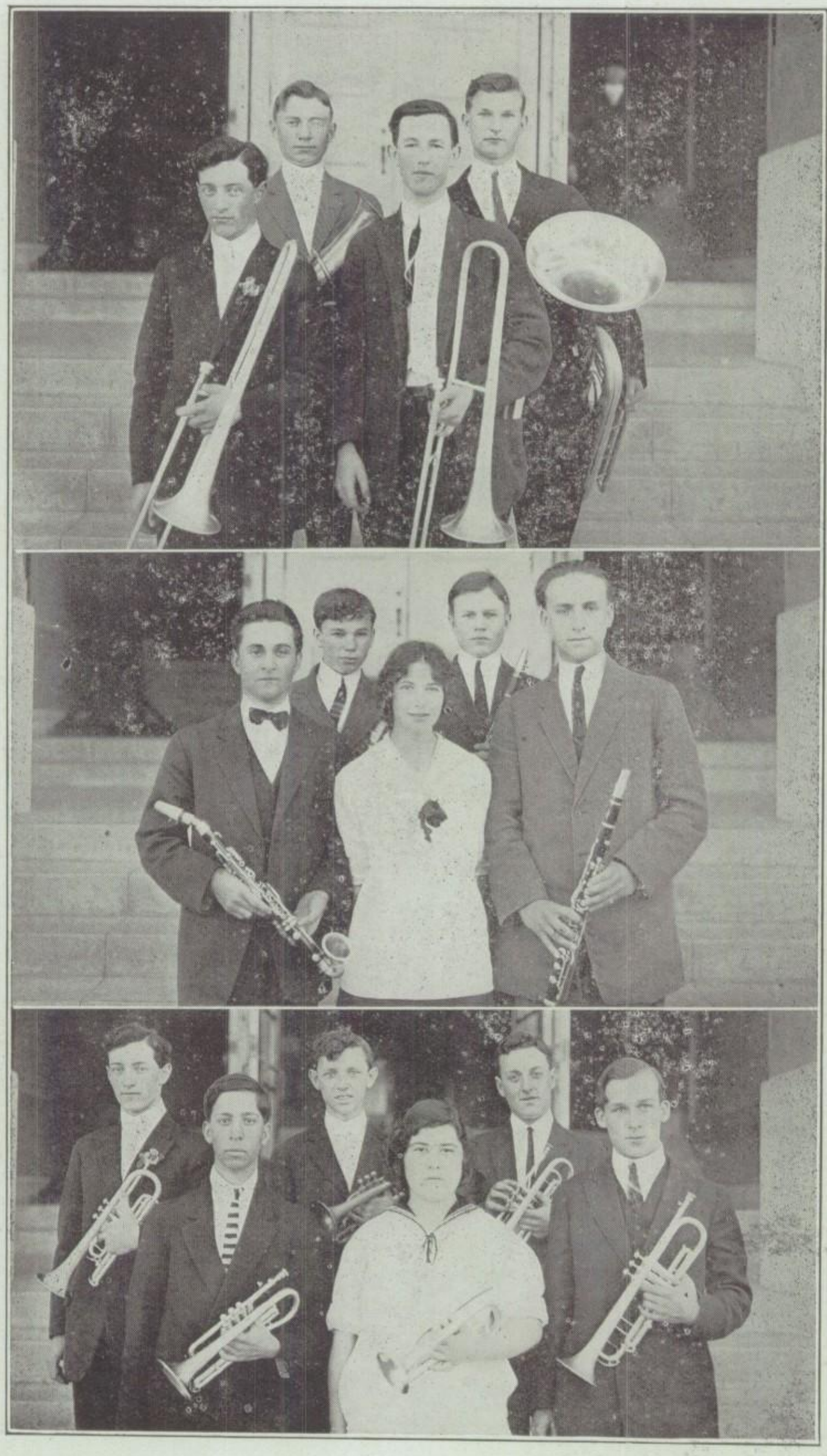
Orchestra

The orchestra, or rather orchestras, of this term have far surpassed any previous musical organizations in this school. Some of us didn't realize that we had two, real professional orchestras in school, until Dr. Wilson made the statement from the platform that this was true. The orchestras have served to make awkward pauses in entertainments seem shorter, and their work is developing some real musical talent that will mean a good deal some time.



Boys' Glee Club

Orchestra



Band

String Quartet

Alpha Sigfrid, Chas. Edwards, Ruth List, Thelma Robbins

Faculty

Venad Mae Wright

Fay M. Pettit

Miss Groves

This write-up will have to be very, very serious. Not because Miss Groves is so very serious, for I remember distinctly at least two jokes that she cracked when I had her for chorus practice, but because life is a very serious thing nowadays. Miss Groves was always an angel child, and she continued to be very angelic through her college life. She never got into a scrape, never did anything naughty, and she never had a single thrilling adventure. But we must not blame her, for she was very, very busy. Here is a list of her achievements.

She was born in Iowa—the corn state—however, she claims that the people there starve to death on corn husks. She is one of the few survivors. At the age of fourteen she was through high school. She began teaching at fifteen, and she had to get a special State Certificate in order to do so. Then she went to the State University of Iowa. She specialized in Latin, for her early aim was to be a language teacher. She graduated from college and the Conservatory of Music at the same time, receiving the degree of B. M. (bachelor of music) from the latter institution. Then she took up public school supervising, where she had twelve buildings with dozens of classes and hundreds of kiddies to oversee. She spent eight years at this work, filling her summers with post-graduate work, with Sherwood for piano and Carl Dufft for voice. After that she became instructor of piano and voice in the Drake Conservatory of Music. While there she concertized a great deal in Iowa and some of the adjoining states. She was also the professional accompanist of the city work. In the meantime she spent a year and a half in Europe studying under Leopold Godowski and August Spaath in piano. She also specialized in harmony and composition under Olaf Andersen, from whom she received a scholarship. She came to Los Angeles in the fall of 1910 because she had several piano recitals booked in this city. While here she was offered the position which she now holds. She has had many offers to return to concert work, but she thinks that there is more opportunity for good here. She believes that the musical culture of a people depends on the value of the work done in the schools.

When asked how she liked Manual, Miss Groves replied that she is more than interested in the work here, for she thinks that there is a wonderful field for musical activities. Miss Groves strongly disapproves of any student dropping any other mental pursuit for the study of music alone. While supervising in public school work, Miss Groves compiled the opera which she gave here last year. Among other things, Miss Groves is much interested in our out-of-door sports, dramatics, and although she is an artist in one field—music—she is much interested in art of all kinds. She is especially fond of directing, but perhaps teaching harmony would be her first choice.

Here's hoping that Miss Groves will stay with Manual Arts for many, many happy years, and that her students will plant the seeds of musical knowledge, so that the buds may blossom and brighten over all parts of the earth.

Miss Carey

The first event in Miss Carey's very eventful life was that she was born in Wisconsin in the year. . . . . .oh, well, never mind. In spite of her slight appearance, she is a strong and hardy athlete. When she went to the University of Wisconsin, she was unable to make the Phi Beta Kappa, but she won many medals while she played on the football team.

One cold, cold freezy afternoon in winter a party of University students arrived at a frozen lake for a few hours of ice-boating. There were cracks in the ice, and these were filled with snow; thus making large ridges in the lake. The party started off; the wind blew; the boat flew across the lake. There was a drift ahead, nearer and nearer it came; death would be the cost if that boat did not go over right. They were there; our heroine clutched at the sides of the boat and held her breath in awful suspense. Ah! they were over. But there was another and another; on, on, whizzed the boat; a slide up and a tip downward. How nearly the boat tipped over. Such thrills, such dangers, and such narrow escapes. It was getting late; the stars were coming out, and how the wind cut; but gradually it died down, and the boat was stopped. Out scrambled the happy folk and hurried home, for there was to be a dance that evening. But oh their faces, how sore and how red! Cold cream was liberally applied and an hour's sleep indulged in. Miss Carey awoke; her face was a beautiful white, but horrors! her neck. It is enough to say that her lavender party dress found itself trimmed with a natural crimson collar. Miss Carey viewed the effect in the glass; it was awful; she simply couldn't go looking like such a freak. Ah, but did she? Why, of course. Isn't this write-up about Miss Carey?

After leaving the University this young lady came out west. Her principal amusement is hikes in the mountains. She is much happier in mountain boots than in church. Her early aim was to be a musician, but since she excelled in literature and mathematics, she decided to be a teacher instead. Miss Carey is very fond of rowing, sailing, swimming, skating, and ice-boating; she doesn't mind falling through ice cracks once in a while either. In fact, she is quite a mermaid. (I was just going to say "Water Baby.")

Miss Carey used to think that the University was the only place, but she found her mistake when she came to Manual. However, she says that she would like to go back and get another taste of a real winter because it might wake her up. We couldn't let her go tho, for she might get lost in that land "only frequented by infrequent frequenters."

The thing Miss Carey likes best about Manual is the friendly good spirit between teachers and pupils. The only things she doesn't like are big, lazy boys who chew gum and stick their feet upon chairs. She tells them to remove their legs; but as she doesn't supply wooden ones, they don't know just how to obey.

Mr. Fonda

Mr. Fonda was born in the Indian Reservation on Feb. 20, somewhere between the years 1850 and 1900. His father was general overseer of the Indians, and he got his job through the "Spoils System." Mr. Fonda used to play with the little Indians, and his first ambition was to be an Indian chief with war paint on all the time. When another party came into power, Mr. Fonda's papa was removed from office. For a while after this, the Fonda family had a very hard time. The head of the house helped build the Union Pacific R. R., but the Indians got to fighting with the builders, and it made it very embarrassing for papa because he didn't know which side to fight on, so they (the family) fled to the far west. They had a hard time getting to California because they came up against so many wild animals, wild men, and wild plants. One night, when they were sleeping under the stars, Mr. Fonda, Junior, was suddenly awakened by a strange noise. He got up quietly and followed the sound, but he couldn't catch up with it. He kept on following and following, and when it was morning, he saw that it was a wild horse and that it had led him to an Indian wigwam. At this time Mr. Fonda's hair was red, but nowadays he never goes out in a strong wind without his hat securely fastened. After this adventure his family put him to work on a farm at nine dollars a month.

After reaching California, Mr. Fonda, Sr., discovered gold, and when he became rich, he sent his son to the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Massachusetts. Mr. Fonda didn't want to study so hard, so he ran away and went to Harvard. All the pupils liked Mr. Fonda because he had lots of money and could do Indian war dances. Mr. Fonda's specialties were argumentation and yell-leading. The study he was worst in was History. Before he finished college, the Spanish war broke out, and he and some of his chums went to fight. He proved to be a brave fighter; the only trouble was that he fought like an Indian and he could manage a bow and arrow much better than a gun. Mr. Fonda, like most of his friends, nearly starved to death down there; and probably the only thing that saved their lives was a dog, which they cooked and ate.

After he finished the war, he managed to get back to the United States. Unlike Mr. Hague, he didn't have to go to prison, but he did get the other affliction—a wife. Mr. Fonda was very thin; but he soon got fat on his wife's excellent cooking. Mr. Fonda wandered aimlessly over the country, doing any kind of work he could find, until one day he ran up against a red high school in California. A history teacher happened to pass by and picked up the scattered fragments. These two people became great friends, and since Mr. Fonda had had so much personal experience with History, and since he didn't know what else to do, he decided to be a teacher.

Mr. Fonda is very fond of Manual Arts, and so are his little boys; but they are more fond of their papa. Maybe they will be Indian chiefs some day, or else teachers at Manual. They haven't quite decided yet.

Note: For some mysterious reason Mr. Fonda did not care to have his past uncovered, so most of the above isn't true.

Mr. Whitely

Several years ago in a certain town there were several boys running around at large. In this town there were several underground caverns, which were great fresh water conduits. The principal game of these little boys was to hide from each other in these dark caverns. There was one little boy who had a great deal of trouble, because he couldn't run fast enough. Another peculiarity was that he was bad in all his lessons except arithmetic and baseball.

When this little boy grew up, he went to college in Indiana and soon all the freshies got theirs; for one dark night they were all cruelly thrown into a tarpaulin filled with ice cold water, surrounded by howling "Indians." Age had not improved his biceps, and, try as he might, he was not fast enough to make the football team. Instead, he was assigned the job of water carrier and did the sponging act. However, this did not prevent him from being an excellent baseball player, and for some time he had the honor of being pitcher of the Indiana baseball team. . . . Many years after, when he was a teacher in a high school in the far West, he pitched at a certain faculty baseball game.

While at the University of Purdue this young man studied to be a mechanical engineer, but the "Fates" in some way interfered with his "career," and he began teaching. He taught the toughest gang of boys in all the country round; and he thought it was necessary to discipline them by making use of the fact that he was stronger than they. Let us hope he succeeded. Soon after he became principal of a high school in Greenfield, Indiana, where he ushered many parties to the "famous old swimming hole," and where he became acquainted with Whitcomb Riley, from whom he took lessons in humor. Later he went from heaven (Tacoma, Wash.), to the opposite extreme (Tucson), where he was again a principal. After serving his term in "the opposite of heaven," he drifted to California.

Something in the conditions out West reminded him of an incident in his youth. His mother always had insisted on his going to church regularly for a number of years. One day a pastor came and talked about evolution. His mother disliked that sermon, for she couldn't believe that man sprang from monkeys. However, her attitude only served to whet her little boy's appetite for more information along that line; so much so that he began teaching these bewildering subjects to students, and he has ever since been trying to make them clear. However, he admits that to this day he has not figured out just how the world came about, and how we got here. At least an idea has been evolved that satisfies himself. Our friend spends most of his time now in a room lined with live rattlers, fish, turtles, lizards, and dried butterflies, beetles, and crabs, presided over by Mr. "Boneparte." An expression often heard in his room and which seems to be his motto, is: "I would not enter on my list of friends the man who heedlessly sets foot upon a worm."

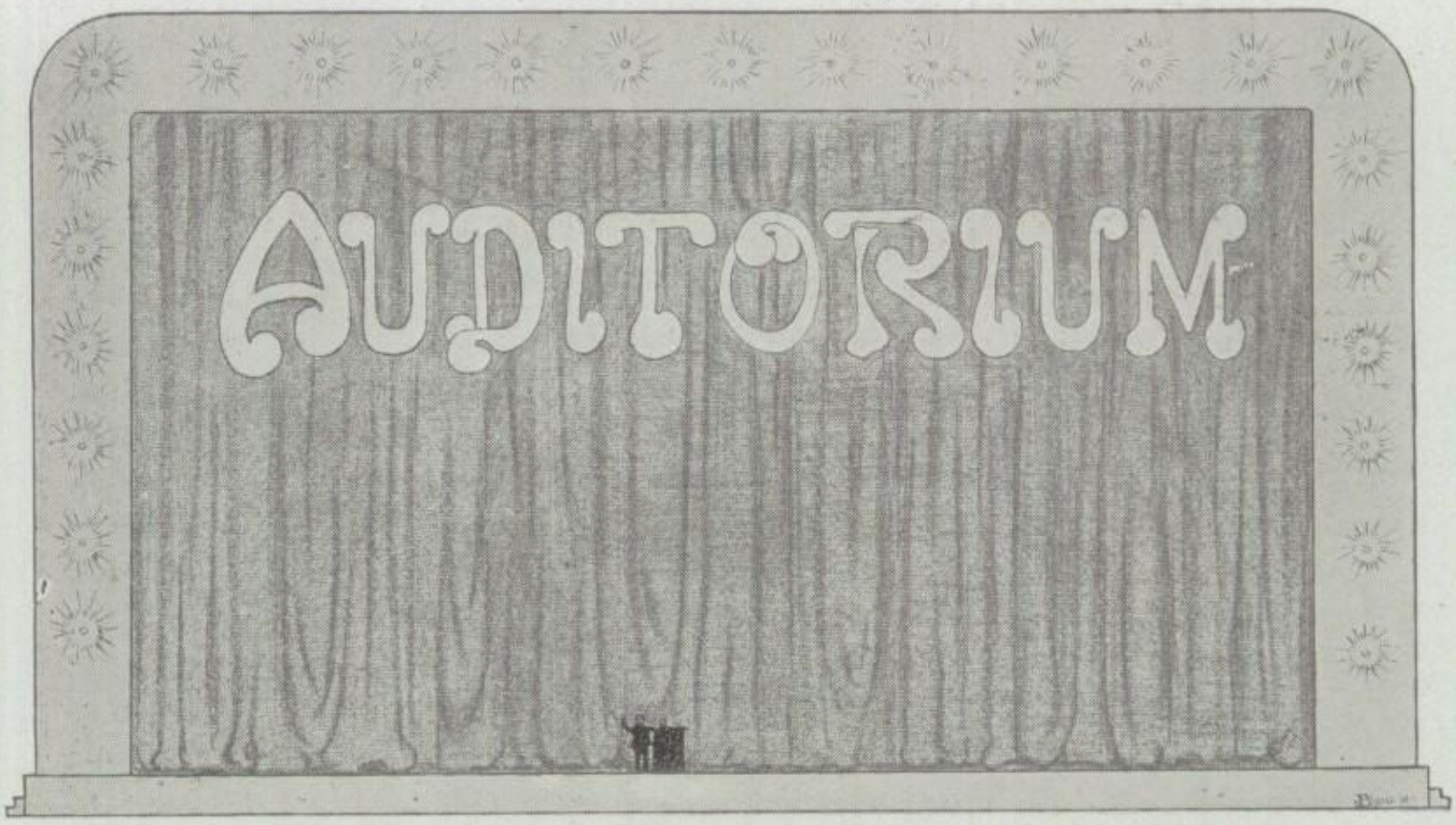
Let us hope that this good friend of tiny creatures will have many happy, prosperous years at our Alma Mater. As for Manual, Mr. Whitely (for it is indeed he) says that of the several places that he has taught, Manual is the finest High School with which he has ever had the good fortune to be connected.

Miss McKinley

The fellow who invented the air brake would have to invent something much more powerful to stop Miss McKinley. She is everlastingly on the go; she simply can't be stopped.

As near as can be discovered, Miss McKinley was born and brought up in the country. Of course, she and her sisters and brothers went thru all the farm rigmarole such as horseback riding, tree climbing, and pig chasing; and she was not without her share of frights from infuriated bulls, snakes, and other savage creatures. Besides the outdoor sports she was very fond of literature. Among the masterpieces that she perused was "Darius Green and His Flying Machine." Immediately she and her brother made a flying apparatus not unlike that of their hero, with the result that they both !?*!!?*! Deciding that farm life was too dull, Miss McKinley left and attended nearly all the universities in the country. She and her friends used to do very idiotic things at a certain domestic science boarding-school. The board was always elegant; Hotel Alexandria would go bankrupt providing such a table; but in spite of this fact the girls nightly found themselves in the last stages of starvation, making it necessary to perform nightly visits to the kitchen pantry. One night after securing enough booty to relieve their pangs of hungry, they quietly ascended the creaky stairway to the creaky gym, where they sat on the still more creaky chairs and partook of the life-giving dainties. Suddenly the gym door opened and the housekeeper looked in; each scantily clad maiden sat shaking in her wiggly chair, not daring to breathe. In spite of the fact that light was never indulged in, they all knew that a row of white ghosts would be clearly seen. The awful suspense ended at last, for the housekeeper's eyesight was very poor. But for some strange reason, dancing was omitted from the program that night.

The only reasons for Miss McKinley's being a domestic science teacher are that she earns her own living, and—she loves teaching. She has a dear little house with green parrots all over the dining room; also she is fond of tea and cats. We are glad of it; otherwise she might not be here, and we simply couldn't get along without her.



Owing to the fact that Dr. Wilson has always had our interests at heart, we have enjoyed many entertainments this term in our auditorium.

February 12, Lincoln's birthday, a patriotic talk was made by Mr. Frank Tyrell. He told the usual little stories about Abe, and even added a few new ones.

Miss Putnam returned from her trip around the world February 15, and gave us a most interesting talk about her travels. She said that she was glad to get back, and we were certainly glad to see her.

The lovers of beautiful music were given a treat February 16, when Mr. Charles Olerich entertained us with a piano recital. Mr. Oelrich is a true musician, and puts his very soul into his playing.

February 29, Professor Clark gave a reading from Les Miserables. With his wonderful voice and convincing personality, he held us spellbound as we listened to the story of Jean Valjean. As an introduction to his reading, he explained that he had chosen such parts of the book as developed the theme of the saving of a soul through love.

Our next exciting event took place on March 20. It was the debate with Santa Monica. Ruth List and Claude Morrow remained on the home grounds while Margaret Shedd and Irene Millier argued at Santa Monica.

March 25 Mr. Wylie paid us a visit and favored us with a violin recital. We could have listened all afternoon, and it was with regret that we saw him depart. Mr. Wylie's accompanist was Miss Grace Bernard.

The Stanford Military Band presented a very good program in April. They took so long in starting that the program had to be considerably shortened. What they did give us we thoroughly enjoyed, and we would like to hear them again when they come South.

On April 10 the Players' Club presented "The Road to Yesterday." Few there are who realize what it means for a group of students to put on such a large production without any assistance.

The director, Ted Watrous, and the caste made a great success of the event. Although the play was selected by a Board of Censors and would not have been the choice of the club, the members put their hearts in it and played to win.

Our debaters met our friends from the hill top in a debate on April 17. The question was: "Resolved, That further restriction of unskilled labor would be beneficial to California." Those representing Manual at Los Angeles were Ruth Haag and Scott Nottingham. Sybil McClelland and Dale Van Every remained at home.

Madame Esther Palliser gave a wonderful program on May 6, quite as superb as any given in our aud.

On May 7 and 8 the combined Glee Clubs, assisted by the orchestra, gave the opera "Priscilla." The cast, under the direction of Miss Groves, did spendidly, and proved that our singers are the best in any high school in the South. Miss Vera Morrow played the part of Priscilla to perfection. Her speaking voice was excellent, while her singing was beautiful. Every one in the cast showed that he had been trained by a person that knew how to get results. This opera was a fitting climax to a most successful series of entertainments.

Exchanges

We were glad to receive several new exchanges, and have criticized freely, and hope they will do the same by us, as criticism is one of the helps to progress.

"Cardinal and White," Whittier, Cal.: You have a neat-appearing little book, but why not a few more stories to make it a little larger?

"Brown and Gold," Sentous Intermediate, Los Angeles: You have a fine book, and are to be congratulated, for students of the grammar grades.

"Berendo Life," Berendo Intermediate, Los Angeles, Cal.: Good work, Berendo; your book represents the work of students of high calibre. Keep it up and you are sure of success.

"Ariel," Santa Ana High School: You have a good book in many respects. The cartoons need some improvement.

"The Russ," San Diego High School: Your jokes are surely mirth-producers and printing is good, but noticed you have no index.

"The Throop Tech" of Throop College of Technology, Pasadena: A very good idea to publish your constitution so the student body may read it; but why publish it in your Quarterly?

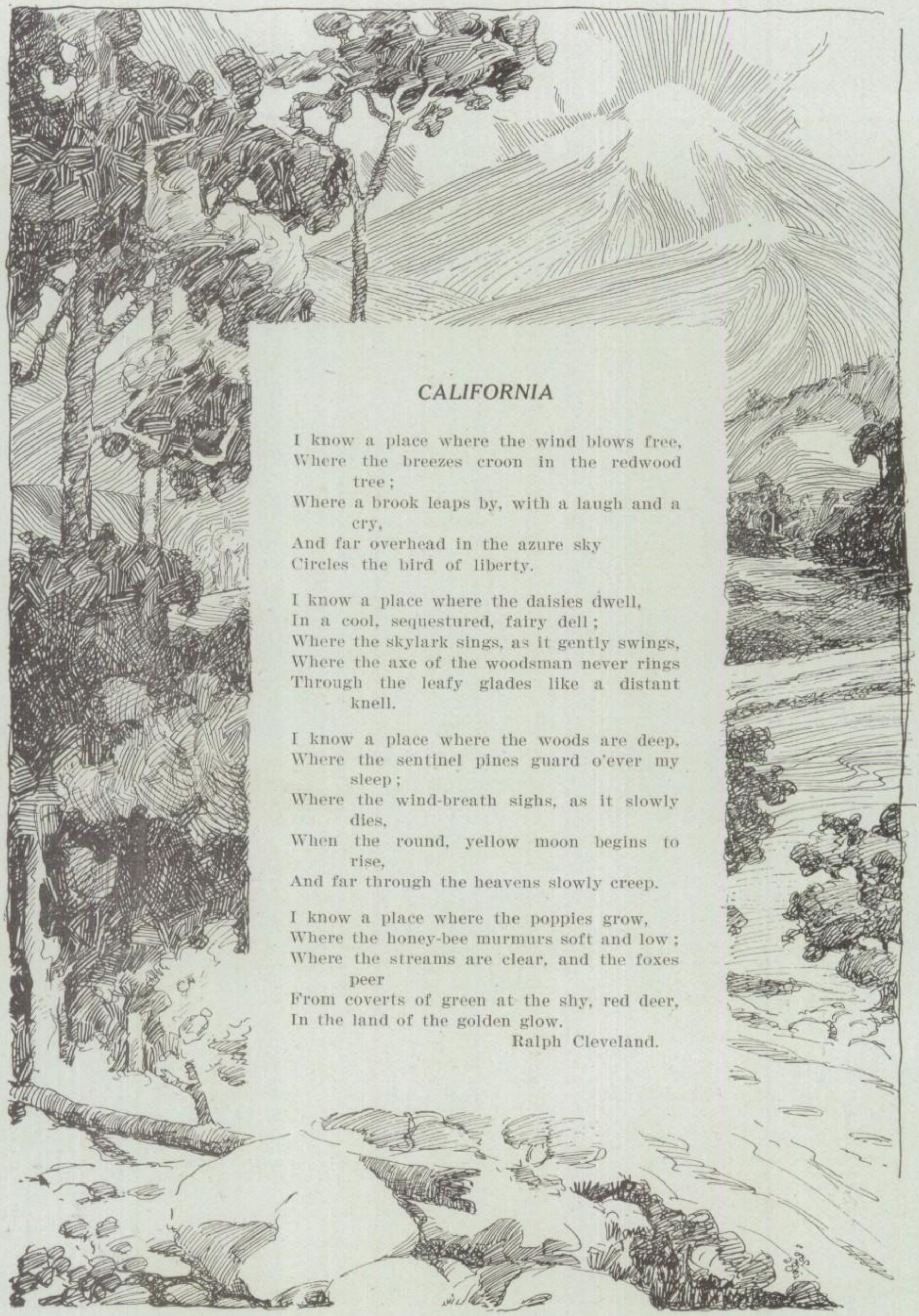
"The Crimson," Goshen High School, Goshen, Indiana: An interesting paper, but why have your Editorial Page in the center of the book?

"The Oak," Washington Intermediate, Berkeley, Cal.: Congratulations for the splendid work in your print shop. You need an advertising manager and a few ads.

"Whims," Broadway High School, Seattle, Wash.: You have an attractive paper; it would be neater if the ads were not on the cover. Your jokes are very funny.

"The Red and Black," Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, Ill. You certainly have literary ability in your school; congratulations.

PEN & PENCIL



CALIFORNIA

I know a place where the wind blows free,
Where the breezes croon in the redwood
tree;
Where a brook leaps by, with a laugh and a
cry,
And far overhead in the azure sky
Circles the bird of liberty.

I know a place where the daisies dwell,
In a cool, sequestured, fairy dell;
Where the skylark sings, as it gently swings,
Where the axe of the woodsman never rings
Through the leafy glades like a distant
knell.

I know a place where the woods are deep,
Where the sentinel pines guard o'ever my
sleep;
Where the wind-breath sighs, as it slowly
dies,
When the round, yellow moon begins to
rise,
And far through the heavens slowly creep.

I know a place where the poppies grow,
Where the honey-bee murmurs soft and low;
Where the streams are clear, and the foxes
peer
From coverts of green at the shy, red deer,
In the land of the golden glow.

Ralph Cleveland.

The Promised Land

"Goodby, Janie! Goodby, Howard, old man!" shouted the boisterous rice-throwing crowd of friends as the newly married couple hurried up the car-steps. "Be sure to write! Don't forget us! When you make your pile out there we'll come to see you. Goodby! Good luck!" and the train moved slowly out of the station.

Howard turned to the girl beside him. His hand crept out and caught hers. "Good luck!" he whispered. "What else could I find in my promised land—with you?" Then they fell silent, and as the train sped onward, they dreamed of the new life before them—the life *together* in the strange prairie country that was to bring them happiness and fortune.

Two days later, when they arrived at the dingy little down-at-heel town, these dreams were a trifle upset. The place was named, with singular unappropriateness, "Enterprise." It had seemed so fine to give their address to their friends at home—Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Jackson, Enterprise, Kansas. Both tried to keep their spirits from falling, and with a bit overdrawn gaiety got into the lumbering farm wagon, which was waiting to take them to their new home, a three-room sod shack in the middle of six hundred and forty acres of a government claim.

They jolted away over the rutty roads, through miles of sun-baked prairie. The dust rose in clouds. Now and then a prairie dog stuck his head out of a hole and shrilled a defiance at the intruders, or a ground owl sat like a gray statue and stared at them. Besides these, there were no other signs of life in all the twelve-mile ride from town. Howard's face fell a little at the desolation of the place, and Janie, noticing his depression, exclaimed in an animated voice:

"Oh, how picturesque it all is!"

Women are always better actors than men, and Howard, darting a quick glance at her, could see nothing but excited interest in her face, and took immediate heart. He began to plan busily how they would make this prairie land beautiful and fruitful. What a home they would make for themselves here. Of course, there weren't any improvements yet on the claim, except the sod house. But he would work so hard, and together they would make a home and fortune for themselves; here in the country they had dreamed of so long; their promised land, as they had called it to each other.

And so they came into their new life, confident and almost gay, for they were young and strong, and hope and love were strong in their hearts.

The spring passed. They became adjusted to their new life, and the novelty of it wore off. A year went by. The land was partly plowed and planted to wheat. A few cattle were in the pasture. But the place took more than the little return it made, and debts were con-

tracted. They still lived in the little sod house, but Janie had sent for seeds, and now a few puny flowers struggled for life around the doors. How differently she had pictured it to herself! In her mind she had seen the plants flourishing, and the ugly lines of the soddy covered with vines. But the prairie came out ahead in the struggle, and Janie wilted with her flowers under the heat and the monotony of the days.

They had had a rough initiation into the prairie life, and their rosy dreams had faded before the dull, practical problem of wresting enough from the land to exist through another year and plant another crop.

The letters from the East came farther and farther between, and finally almost entirely stopped. There hadn't been much to write, after the first voluminous letters, and Janie was finding her life a particularly isolated one. As time went on, the curves went out of her face, and she fell into the habit of staring long out into the prairie. The days were a round of toil for them both. Janie learned the drudgery of farm life, looking for immense gangs of threshers in harvest season and even helping in the farm work outside, for times were hard.

Drouths and hailstorms came. The grasshoppers almost destroyed one crop, and the farm had to be mortgaged that another crop might be planted.

Then came a time when it seemed that at last their luck had turned and some of their dreams might, after all, come true. The wheat came up luxuriantly. Everything flourished under warm rains and sunshine. The spring passed without the dreaded late freeze, which twice before had dashed their hopes. As the summer passed the crops prospered, and th smiles began to come back to Janie's face and the haunted look of worry to leave Howard's eyes.

"Well!" he announced one day, "We'll have the threshers here next week. Maybe, after all, we're coming into our promised land at last. A few more crops like this will put us on Easy Street, Janie. It's a fine country."

For once Janie welcomed the thought of the threshers coming. As she went about her work she hummed a little, and planned how they would build a new frame house just as soon as the mortgage was paid off. Then maybe they could go back home on a visit.

Her dreams were broken into by a shout from the barn. Wiping her wet hands on her apron she hurried out. What she saw made her draw in her breath in a sharp gasp. There was no need of explanations. The prairie had taught her that lesson. She saw that the wind had veered and was bringing down upon them over an uninterrupted path of dry buffalo grass, the prairie dweller's worst foe, a prairie fire.

They had seen the smoke all day, but had supposed that some farmer was burning off a weed patch, and thought no more about it.

The dry prairie bunch grass, or buffalo grass, is fine fuel for a fire. The flames lick it up, absorbing new strength, and spread ever onward, a raging fury, from which all the little prairie animals flee in terror, even sometimes running into the farmers' houses in their fright.

Word was sent to the neighboring farmers for help, and the men hurried in the direction of the fire and began a desperate fight to get it under control. Sacks were soaked in water, and the men beat at the edges of the fire with them.

Janie worked too. She wet sacks, tore up cloths to wet and bind over the men's months to prevent their breathing the smoke, and at last she seized a sack and set doggedly to work to beat at the fire with the others. But it was a losing fight. This fire was no infant blaze, to be stifled in this way. It had gained powerful impetus on miles of uncontested prairie. A back fire was started to protect the house, but nothing could save the crops, the fruit of so much toil and sacrifice. On rushed the flames, eating acre after acre of the headed wheat. Before the fire was checked that night, not one head of wheat could be seen, only the powdery ashes blowing across the blackened waste.

Janie and Howard stood by the door of the soddy, Janie's hair was down and half scorched off; her face was black with soot. She spoke in a dull, hard whisper—"Our Promised Land!" Then she laughed with a jangling discord, and sank down on the steps and gazed out over the charred and blackened prairie.

MAISIE REED.

Memories

I

Stiller than where that city lies asleep,
  With fabled spires deep in the surging sea,
Stiller and dimmer than that windless deep,
  The pale-flowered, shadowy field of memory.

II

I walked there with the thoughts of long ago,
  Dear thoughts and peerless of long-vanished days;
And one drew close—the fairest that shall know
  Their path that follow down the faded ways.

III

"No more the blossoms o'er thy face," it said;
  "Now is it heaven, here, where pale flowers be;
On shall I wander, mingled with the dead,
  But die not, love, since you remember me.

HENRY REINECKE.

Beyond His Depth

The anaemic little Englishman cautiously entered the canoe and after spreading his silk handkerchief upon the most stable looking cross-board, daintily sat down. A fleeting smile began to play about Ramona's lips, but it immediately subsided as she caught the stern eyes of her mother watching her, for her mother had told her that one must be polite to an Englishman, especially, if he is rich.

Ramona jumped into the canoe with such impetuous energy that it gave a sudden lurch forward as it left the shore. Her mother smiled contentedly as they left and waved her handkerchief to them as they disappeared around a bend of the lake.

Neither of them spoke for several moments. The Englishman was fascinated by this strong and independent girl, and the girl seemed bored, terribly bored, by her companion.

"We left the whole world behind us when we rowed out upon this lake," he murmured with a dreamy accent.

"When I rowed out upon the lake," Ramona corrected him politely and yet controlling a laugh.

"You are a Diana," he replied undaunted, "I love to watch you row and play tennis and golf."

"Even though I win in every contest?" Ramona asked quisically.

"You will not win in every contest," he replied with a certain square setting of his chin that did not seem to fit in with the rest of his personality.

"I can row easier and better; I beat you at golf, and won in every set of tennis we have played," she answered.

The Englishman was silent. He seemed to have fallen into a reverie, and yet to have a live interest in the play of muscles in her forearm as she guided the boat about the lake.

Finally he abruptly asked, "How old are you?"

"Sixteen," Ramona answered frankly.

Again he was silent and intuitively she was silent also; she did not know what to say to this docile and dainty individual who had so speedily adopted the characteristics of the strong.

"You will marry me, Diana. You will be pursued to the ends of the earth!"

He said this with such a tense and decided manner that she was surprised; she was shocked. The shock was probably similar to that a pyramid would experience, if the top layer of rocks was knocked off. She said one word. That word expressed all and nothing. It was "HUH!"

The Englishman stood up in the canoe as if he had forgotten that the canoe was wobbly and the water deep.

"You shall be mine, Diana," he replied and jumped forward as

if to possess this strong girl through coercion. She also stood up in the boat.

"Don't you touch me!" she commanded. "Sit down. You'll upset the boat."

"Let it upset," he replied. "If we can't live together, we can at least die together." He started to take hold of her arms and, in trying to evade him, she upset the boat.

A few moments later a young girl climbed up the bank. Nearby a canoe floated upside down, and large ripples spread from the the place in widening circles.

"Poor man, and he couldn't swim. Oh! he must have been crazy." Later as she drew near her home, a bedraggled but thoughtful figure, she was still repeating the words—"And he couldn't swim! Poor man. He couldn't swim."

MELLIE MILLER.

FLOTSAM

It was awfully hot that afternoon, and especially hot there on Flower street with its monotonous rows of old gray houses, plastered with signs—"Furnished Housekeeping Rooms." These old gray houses were once residences, but now, as rooming houses, furnish a living, of a sort, to widows. That is, they do when there are enough hard-up tourists and business college students and other flotsam of a large city to go around, and when the rent and the interest on the mortgage are not too high.

As I said, it was awfully hot that afternoon, and the typical down-town summer noises floated in from the street: "Watermelons, swee-ee-eet watermelons," the tinkle from the bell of an icecream wagon, the swish of the water in the gutter as the street sprinkler went by, the shrill cries of the children and the creak of the garbage wagon in the alley. A swarthy, greasy face smiled at me through the screen door, "Vegetables, lady?"

"No," I answered, for I felt cross. My mother had gone down town, and since I was the landlady's daughter, I had to stay home and answer doorbell and telephone or show rooms to prospective renters. I was hot and cross.

In the back yard I could hear poor little Mrs. Byrne rubbing clothes and talking to her baby.

"That's right, you little mischief; you sit theah and laugh at you' mammy workin' in the hot sun. Nevah you min', honey, I'l lbe thru heah in jus' a minute, and we'll go in wheah it's cool."

I remembered when she had come to us a few weeks before, carrying her baby and accompanied by her tall, shuffling husband, who carried the suitcase. She was a pretty, little woman, small and blonde and overflowing with energy, while her husband was tall and dark and as slow as she was quick. She picked out the room, paid my mother, and settled therein her husband and child, talking all the time in her soft, southern voice, while her husband said nothing and moved no more than was absolutely necessary.

They had been with us for about three weeks, and Mrs. Byrne had met and captured the heart of every one in the house. Mr. Byrne could not find work and the last week's rent was yet unpaid.

"Now, don't you cry, baby! Mothah will be thru in jes' a minute. Jes' listen to this, honey:" and she sang in a sweet soprano voice:

"Come to a rivah, an' I couldn't get across,
Jumped on an alligatah, took him for a ho'se."

in time to rubs on the washboard.

Just then the doorbell rang and, with a sigh, I went to the door. A small, rather withered old lady in black stood there, dusty and perspiring. Her eyes were of a wavering, watery blue, and her mouth sagged woefully at one corner as she asked, "Does a Mrs. Byrne live heah? I am her mothah."

"Her mothah" proved to be rather a tiresome old lady, and, naturally, I avoided her as much as possible. Her name was Mrs. Talbot —"of Louisiana"—as she always added, thus making an opportunity to review the past glories of her family. With a girlish simper she would tell of her former sweethearts and love affairs. She also delighted to tell of her daughter's opportunities to marry prominent men, concluding with the advice never to marry a poor man—"See poor, deah Dorothy actually doing her own laundry!" Mrs. Talbot herself never did anything of the sort, no indeed! She did not even wash dishes or sweep the floor, but at times she would watch the baby, although Mrs. Byrne did not like to leave her alone with the child, for Mrs. Talbot had an unshakable suspicion that it needed medicine of various kinds.

Well, Mr. Byrne had work for about half the time, and the rent was paid more or less regularly, so naturally we thought that all was well in number four. So you can understand that I was surprised to find Mrs. Byrne crying on the front porch one night when I and the boy across the hall returned from the "jitney opera," as he called it. When Mrs. Byrne choked out my name, I waited, of course, while the boy across the hall went into the house whistling loudly.

I am not very good at the sympathy game, and usually turn that side of the business over to my mother. But I did the best I could this time and listened to her story.

It seemed that Mr. Byrne had an offer of work up North, bossing a construction gang for the railroad, and, of course, did not feel that

he could turn down a steady job. But he absolutely refused to take his mother-in-law along, and to support her in Los Angeles was out of the question. I wondered how that slow, lazy man had ever gathered enough energy to take a definite stand. But Mrs. Byrne didn't seem to consider the possibility of persuading him to change his mind.

"Oh, honey! What shall I do? What shall I do? It's eithah my mothah or my man and baby—how can I choose?"

I knew, of course, that even were I to advise her, it would make no difference, and that really the only reason she had asked for advice was so that she might, in telling her troubles to me, more clearly see the situation. That is the way they all do, so I didn't feel called on to say anything, but just patted her hand and felt foolish.

"Poor mothah is so helpless! She has no money, and can do absolutely nothing to earn her living—not even housework. She is so old and helpless!"

Mrs. Byrne was quiet for a moment or two and then burst out frantically, "I don't care! It isn't fair that I should have to choose! Why did she come out here just at this time? It isn't fair—it isn't—it isn't!"

I knew then what she wanted to do, and what she would do, no matter what my advice might be, and, as it was getting cold and I was sleepy, I thought I would help her along; so, in my most grown-up tones, I said:

"It is really your baby you must consider, it seems to me—the coming generation more than the passing. As your mother would have chosen your welfare; so must you choose your child's."

I thought that sounded really very well, and so did Mrs. Byrne.

"Do you really think so? Is it my duty to go with Jack? But poor mothah"—and she was about to begin all over again, when I stopped her by telling her that she shouldn't decide then, but should wait until the next day.

Just as I expected, Mrs. Talbot told me—soon afterwards—that "Deah Jack had a splendid offer in the no'th with a new branch of the Southern Pacific. I shall go to them when they are settled in the'ah new home."

After their departure it was quite pitiful to see how anxiously the deserted old lady looked for mail. Each day she would carefully go over the mail, both with and without her spectacles, and then say stoutly, "I'll surely heah tomorrow."

After two weeks had passed and there had been no word, and since there was two weeks' rent overdue, my mother suggested, quite tactfully, I am sure, that Mrs. Talbot get a position as companion or housekeeper until her daughter should send for her. The old lady's pride was broken! And from what mother said there must have been quite an unpleasant scene. It must have been rather a shock to the glory of the Louisiana Talbots that the last to bear that name should

go into domestic service.

Mrs. Talbot must have remembered some of her girlhood novels, for the next day she was quite cheerful and brought mother an advertisement which went something like this:

"A refined Southern lady, of one the first families, suffering temporary indigency from pecuniary embarrassments, will consider a position as companion, or secretary, or young ladies' chaperon among congenial surroundings in a family furnishing satisfactory recommendations. A personal interview may be obtained at the "Leona" Apartments, —— Flower Street, City."

Of course, nothing like that would do at all; so the one which mother had inserted ran something like this: "Elderly lady would like position as housekeeper. 71 Flower Street, City."

This had the advantage of being shorter and, consequently, less expensive. Of course, Mrs. Talbot wasn't a good housekeeper, and it was a problem how she was going to keep other people's houses when she had never done any of her own house work.

One evening she brought home from downtown six photographs of herself and proudly showed them to us. Mother was angry, naturally, and asked her why she spent her money for pictures when her rent was overdue. Mrs. Talbot cried and cried, but between sobs we gathered that she thought that if she were to get an offer through the mail she could send her photograph and thus make sure of the position. And besides, she hadn't had a picture taken for six months, and the baby might forget her without a picture of its grandmother. Then she became angry and declared that mother was no lady. Imagine that, when mother was actually giving her charity!

At last she got a position as housekeeper for a widower with three children, although I am doubtful if she insisted upon a satisfactory tree.

We never heard from Mrs. Byrne, and Mrs. Talbot also ignored us after the picture incident, but we saw her again about a year ago.

We were eating at a cafeteria one Sunday noon, and I noticed a rather familiar old lady about three tables away.

"Say, mother," I whispered, "do you suppose that old lady over there is Mrs. Talbot?"

"Sh-sh, not so loud," said mother, who always gets painfully respectable when she eats downtown Sunday noon in her other suit. But she looked just as eagerly as I did.

Just then the old lady got up to leave. It was the same old black suit, only the skirt was shinier and the silk waist dustier. But it was the face which held my eyes. The cheeks were heavily rouged and the gray hair hung in precarious curls over her eyes. The weak little mouth, now scarlet with rouge, sagged more woefully than ever. Her hand trembled as she gave her check to the cashier.

The check was for 15 cents.

LUCILLE WATSON.

Mary Ellen's Mother

In one corner of the weatherbeaten porch of the "McGregor Home for the Friendless," sat Mary Ellen, doubled up so that she was well out of the relentless rays of a midday sun. At the same time eight or ten children ran screaming and jumping from one end of the porch to the other in an endless game of tag. Both of Mary's little brown hands supported an equally brown chin, and her eyes, half shut, gazed thoughtfully across the hot stretch of dust and yellow grass that constituted the front yard of the "Home."

Very plainly Mary Ellen was in deep thought; so deep, in fact, that she did not hear the steady ringing of the bell. This bell brought all the boys and girls alike in their hideous, skimp orphanage clothes to the long table of plain, obviously wholesome, orphanage food. But soon the cessation of all wild Indian yells, charging infantry roars, and other familiar noises awoke her from her reverie. Jumping to her feet she shook her head as if in great bewilderment and went slowly into the big dining room.

But all day she wore a preoccupied air, greatly at odds with her usual energetic nature. The end of the afternoon found her sitting in the same corner with the same half-wistful, puzzled expression on her little face. Suddenly she leaned over the porch railing—

"Billy," she called.

A small boy straightened up from his task of laboriously driving a stake in the ground with the back of a tin shovel.

"Huh?" he questioned.

"Come here." He moved reluctantly forward. He was used to obeying Mary Ellen, as were most of the other small boys. (You didn't get feathers surreptitiously pulled from the orphanage duster for your Indian suit, if you didn't.) "Billy, did you ever have a ma?"

An expression of distaste crossed Billy's face. "Wunst," he announced briefly, "and I don't want another. Why?"

Mary Ellen leaned nearer to him. "That new kid," she whispered, "is in there cryin' for her ma!" She indicated with her thumb the window behind her, and then watched for the effect of her startling statement.

"Hully gee!" ejaculated Billy. "Honest?" Her that come a week ago? What's the matter with her?

"I dunno," said Mary slowly. "She's cried every day since she come. I been talkin' to her lately, tryin' to comfort her sort of, and she don't talk like you and the other kids at all. Say, Billy, are you sure yours was your mother?"

"Yep," said Billy firmly. "My ma was my ma all right. I kin prove it by the lickin's I got. I don't believe it can be her ma 'cuz I don't see why she should cry for lickins, and nothin' to eat, not even rice. Mebbee 'twas her aunt. I knew a feller that had a aunt an'

she brought him some candy wunst. Nope, it can't be her ma!"

"But she talks about "mother" all the time. The most be-oo-ti-ful mother. Oh! Billy mebbe mothers and mas aren't the same thing. You and Jennie and Pat and the rest always say "Ma," and she always says "Mother. Yours wasn't little and pretty and fun, was she?"

"Well, I guess not!" Billy had returned to his work and his remarks were punctuated by little grunts and the vigorous bangs of his shovel as it hit the stake once out of about three efforts. "She was awfully big, as big as this house almost, I guess, an' had lots of red hair an' golly! but she could yell when she got mad. Wunst—"

But Mary Ellen stopped him, fearing that Billy was about to launch into a lengthy description of one of the exciting scenes with which his short life had been filled. He delighted to relate these melees to interested playmates who had been so unfortunate as to have been born into comparatively calm and peaceful households.

The picture that Billy drew was so entirely different from that which had been in her mind all day that Mary Ellen's convictions grew. How could two such totally different characters belong in the same class. Clearly a "Mother" and a "Ma" were not one and the same thing. The "McGregor Home" stood in the poorer, crowded district of the city and the children were almost invariably the sort who had known no kindness. After the death or desertion of their parents they were brought in from the streets to the shelter of its walls by some kind stranger or friend. So it was no wonder that the advent of a little girl who actually regretted the loss of her mother to the extent that this one did, she should creat turmoil and confusion in the mind of Mary Ellen.

"I don't know but what I wish I had a mother," she said hesitatingly. Billy gazed at her aghast, then with undisguised disapproval stamped on his face, picked up his playthings and disappeared in search of a companion who was not entirely mad.

The picture of the little, patient woman, who gave kisses instead of blows and laughed instead of scolded, had taken great hold on Mary Ellen's heart and fired her imagination. Hour after hour she sat by the side of the little forlorn newcomer, plying her with eager questions. Then with her fertile imagination—for Mary Ellen had an imagination in spite of the "McGregor Home"—she created for herself an ideal mother. Little, with a face like the Madonna's in the House-mother's room, soft, loving hands, and a lovely voice that would greet her with, "Baby dear, mother's home," but at this point, Mary Ellen would shake her head dubiously. No one would call a great girl of ten "Baby" even in imagination. But she had never been anyone's baby and in her secret heart she longed fiercely for the little pet name.

The days went by. Gradually the sorrows of the little girl who had wept so bitterly at first grew less, and the beloved mother became only a memory vaguely sad and sweet. But it was not so with the image in Mary Ellen's mind. The make-believe "Mother" whom she still distinguished from the "ma" of the other children, became her

constant companion. If, through the cracks in the wall surrounding the "McGregor" she caught a glimpse of some daintily dressed woman, she whispered, "That's a mother." If by chance she got hold of a magazine or book, every lovely pictured face was always a "mother."

And so it chanced, that she was in her favorite corner on the porch bent adoringly over the torn and wrinkled picture of a popular Broadway actress. She was weaving her day dreams about the pretty face when Billy, on what seemed the wings of a cyclone, rushed up to her.

"Yur ma's here," he shouted; "your ma's come to git you, Mary Ellen."

Mary Ellen raised startled eyes to the jumping figure before her. "My ma! Why I havent' got one. Never had one," and her eyes traveled fondly towards the picture, half hidden beneath her skirt. "Run away, Billy."

Billy's eyes flashed. "She is so," he insisted, "'cause I heard Mrs. Lacey tell Miss Roberts to find you 'cause your ma'd come back. An' she's been sick and didn't know where you was, and when she found out she come right away to git you and take you away."

Mary Ellen heard with bated breath. She got up slowly and took hold of Billy firmly by the strap of his blue overalls. "Billy," she almost whispered, "What's she like, my—my, mother?"

Billy grinned. Here was his chance. He and Mary Ellen had had words over this "mother and ma" business. Furthermore she had told him one day with a superior air that she had a mother as beautiful as a princess waiting for her, and that he didn't and never would have because he had had a "ma" and he wasn't entitled to but one. Also for two months she had been worth absolutely nothing as a playfellow.

"Oh!" he began slowly, "she's awful big, as big as this house maybe, and talks awful loud, an' got red hair an'—" But here he found himself precipitated to the porch floor by the sudden rush Mary Ellen made past him. Around the corner of the house she sped, her face pale, hair streaming, and eyes big with terror. Straight through the little gardens kept by the children she ran until she came to the very farthest corner of the "McGregor" Home's property. There stood a comfortable old apple tree. She caught the lowest branches and swung herself up . Up—up she climbed until the limbs grew so small they bent beneath her weight, and then she stopped. Her breath came in short dry gasps, and her little body shook with her emotion. "She's a ma," she kept repeating between her sobs. "Why, oh, why wasn't it a mother?" The mother she had longed and waited for. She sobbed until her head ached fearfully. She grew dizzy, but never, never, would she come down to where the terror of her little life was waiting to take her away. Her heart pounded violently against her side, for almost below her she heard voices. The matron and Miss Roberts were both saying they didn't know where she could be. She leaned

over to see the person to whom they were speaking. Suddenly her little numb hands loosened and she felt herself falling through endless greenery and hard branches. Unconsciously the word she called as she fell was "Mother."

Slowly, ever so slowly, she regained consciousness. That she must have fallen directly into the enemy's camp was beyond doubt, but just exactly what was going to be done with her she did not know and wished to put off to the last minute. She was filled with disgust at herself for not holidng on longer, and her anger and mortification, together with the pain in her head, brought hot tears to her eyes. The something soft beneath her head moved and then all the old terror came rushing back. She struck out blindly with her hard little fists when suddenly the sweetest voice in the world with a little catch beneath the words said, "Why, baby dear, its mother!" Her eyes opened to meet the infinitely tender gaze of a pair of soft brown ones beneath a cloud of fluffy brown hair.

Mary Ellen caught her breath. She lay in the arms of a little, gentle-faced woman, clad in black with something soft and white at her throat. Mary Ellen thrilled. "Oh! Oh! Mother!" she whispered and buried her little face in the soft folds that covered that tender mother bosom.

I Long to Dance on the Sea

I long to dance from morn till night,
On the foam of the seething sea,
With head thrown back and tresses streaming,
Buoyant, bold, and free.
To skip and run, with the beams from the sun,
That glint on the waves all day,
And at night to float with the white birds winging
Over a moonlit bay.

What joy 'twould be, to dance on the sea,
On the foam of the seething sea,
With head thrown back and tresses streaming,
Buoyant, bold, and free.

YNEZ LOWE.

The Come Back

The man staggered a few steps, then fell. He lay face downward on the trail. Finally he rose to his knees; then, crawling to a small tree, he slowly drew himself to his feet. He nearly fell again, but steadied himself by putting his arm about the tree.

"I am so weak, so weak," he mumbled, passing his hand over his fair head. "I have got to reach the cabin," and his deep sunken, dull eyes lighted up with a cold, hard glare. The thin face was drawn and pinched, the rough hickory shirt and blue overalls hung loosely on his gaunt frame. He took a few steps, then passed his hand over his closely shaven head. Then going back to where he had fallen, he began to search. "I must find my hat—if they see this shaven head, all over—I wonder if the news has reached the mountains yet. I must get off the trail." Tying a bandana handkerchief around his head, he left the trail and plunged into the underbrush.

The sun rose higher and higher, and still he fought his way up, up the mountain, until finally he fell across a dead tree. Spasms of coughing racked his frail body. Finally exhausted, he lay still. Slowly he rose, swaying unsteadily. He staggered to a pine and sat down with his back against its rough trunk.

"The Doc was right. I can't last much longer; another spell and I am gone. I have got to do my work first.. I have got to get Morrisey before the White Death wins. Yes, the Doc was right, but I am going to win."

All those years in that walled hell, the White Death slowly mastering, he could see Mary and little Honey Bee the morning the sheriff took him away to prison. Her brave words as he kissed her goodby. "We'll wait for you. And the baby, your Honey Bee, will wait too." A farewell wave of her baby hands; then the train pulled out. Now he was going back to kill Jim Morrisey. The thin lips shut in a grim line —in the deep eyes all the fires of death seemed to spring. Yes, to kill Morrisey he would make it. He would beat the White Death.

Three years of his seven-year sentence served; all day, work, work; at night, in his narrow cell, lying in his narrow bunk, thinking, thinking of Mary and Honey Bee. He would keep up, and then, when his sentence was served, back to Mary and Honey Bee. They were waiting and they would not wait in vain. Jim Morrisey he would punish; prove to the world he hadn't had a fair chance. That Morrisey's silver tongue had won the jury over to him.

Then the White Death had come. How he had fought it, for Mary and Honey Bee. It slowly gained. When they were marching from dinner to the cell house to be locked up, the warden hauled him from the ranks and handed him a telegram. "Mary died last night." Everything went black, but out of the blackness was blazed in letters of

fire: "Kill Jim Morrisey!" He made the waiting too long for Mary. The one thing, the one thought, kill Morrisey, burned deeper and deeper into his brain. To kill Morrisey he must get out. That night, he feigned sickness; the guard came into the cell; a short scuffle, a soft thud.—Down the corridor, out into the yard, creeping, creeping along the shadow of the wall.—Up above, the moonlight glinting on his rifle, paces the guard back and forth. Slowly, inch by inch, up the stairs; now the top is reached; on comes the guard. Humming a gay little love song, he nears the shadows of the guard house; he stops, looks over toward the warden's office, puts a bottle to his lips. His last drink. Long, lean fingers close over his throat; tighter, tighter they close. The man in the blue uniform crumples up.

Over the wall! Maybe he hit the farmer too hard, but he had to get rid of the stripes. Out into the night shrieks the long, moaning blast. The prison whistle! They have found out. Again the call to hunt is sent out into darkness. Across the river. Safe!

He knew he could find the way through the trees. He could see the cabin. Slowly he pushed open the door. Empty. He stepped across the room, to reach his rifle, which hung above the mantelpiece. He stumbled over something soft; he picked it up. Honey Bee's rag doll. Where was Honey Bee? Of course, she couldn't have stayed here after Mary died. He must find her; but first he must do his work. Filling his pockets with cartridges, he went out.

How weak he was becoming. Another spell coming, he must reach the ford. Again the White Death racked his body. He gasped for air. Blood flecked his lips. He must reach the ford and get Morrisy as he crossed to go home.

God! He couldn't give up now. Crawling, fighting death inch by inch, death almost won by Big Pine. On and on, crawling, crawling, dragging the heavy rifle, on and on. The ford at last. Among the willows he lay, the rifle propped on a rock, waiting and ready. Down the trail came the clatter of a horse. They swung around the curve. The horse plunged his nose into the cool waters of the stream. The rifle steady, the sights on Jim Morrisey's heart, the finger pressing, tightening on the trigger. A cry, a patter of feet on the foot bridge.

"You got it! You got it!" A lift into the saddle; brown curly head against gray shirt.

"My God! Honey Bee!" The finger on the trigger slowly relaxed, the body shook. Again the White Death was master. He took his toll. The gaunt face was upturned to the dying day; the eyes were closed. Down the mouth trickled a tiny stream of blood, which made a tiny brown splash on the soft green grass.

"I knew you would get it. Won't father be happy."

"I had an awful hard time, Honey Bee. But the governor was won over at last by that sweet letter of yours. He said: 'Morrisey, I could stand up against the argument of you and all of your other lawyer

friends, but, by heavens, I can't stand up against the plea of a child. Take this pardon to her with my compliments.' Go along, Jack, we must be getting home."

"Oh, you are so good. I wish mother was here. Won't father be glad to come back to all of this, now that Spring is here. I have been waiting so long, so long, and now he is coming."

The Great Painter paints his masterpiece at the end of the day, when the strife and toil is over, for the ones who have fought, struggled and have been beaten. He points his greatest canvas, "The Dying Day," and they who see it turn to rest with a great peace and happiness in the heart and soul. The struggle is forgotten.

The one who lay under the willows need struggle no more. The dying day will not help him. He had gone to the Master.

WM. PENN.

The Taming of Wild Red

Red hated the city now. Its charm had worn off; the lustre of its bright lights had faded, and he longed to be back in the hot country, the wind-swept plains, the lonesome prairie, the scorching desert, or Mexico, where he had always been; where life was little more than the flame of a flickering candle; where men lived and died with six-shooters at their hips.

One of the little heathen's chief characteristics was that he despised the words, God, love and dear. He generally omitted the "dear" from letter headings, and used "Hello, Kid," or something of that sort. instead.

When Red's family decided to move to a little town in the mountains, Red thought that he could satisfy his bloody desires, for he was wild and the call of the sagebrush was upon him. He must either satisfy his desire or lose it. Whether he did or not, his life surprise, remains to be seen.

'Twas near midnight as the train slowed down and with a grinding of brakes came to a stop to let off two lone passengers, father and son.

The cold air making him shiver, and the thin ice cracking underneath his feet, added only to his discomfort as he trudged sleepily along at his father's heels, toward a dingy structure that bore the dignified name of "Hotel."

Next morning Red was routed out of a warm bed and sent shivering down to the dining room to enjoy a delicious breakfast of frozen sweet potatoes and shoe sole steaks, with sulphur cured apricot pie for dessert. He did not enjoy the repast half as much as he did to see a man break open seven sweet potatoes and find each one a beautiful azure inside. The man worked himself into a sweat over a piece of meat, and remarked in a cool, casual way that he guessed that they must-a riddled this here steer with bullets, as he didn't see how they reduced him into steaks any other way. The gentleman then picked up a wedge of pie and had it almost to his mouth when, for some reason or other, he laid it back on the table with a decided shake of the head. Then there was a pause. He looked the table over from end to end, and seeing nothing that wouldn't give him all the ailments known, and probably some that were unknown, he stuffed his mouth full of toothpicks and shuffled out with an air of one "well filled."

"It sure takes some man to do that," thought Red, "without making a howl."

Red was puffing up the hill, and as he neared the school house he saw some wonderstruck country girls casting suspicious glances at him and signalling to their friends that he was coming right in, and that they had better look quick. The impression he got was not a favorable one;

so he slouched into the school room and slammed his books down on a desk, his idea being to bluff the teacher out a little bit, so he could have a good time while she was getting wise to herself. And, true to his expectations, the teacher, a fair young lady of about twenty-two or three, came timidly toward him and inquired if he wished to go to school there. Red said "Yes," and added that his dad was boss of the crusher over there on the hill, and probably said under his breath that he was going to school there whether she liked it or not. But right there he met his conqueror, the person who was going to tame him and make him look at things from a civilized point of view.

After he had stayed at the hotel about two weeks, and before he had noticed any change in himself, one of his father's friends who was rooming there asked him point blank if he loved his teacher. Red stopped to think a moment. What a funny question to ask me; did I ever love anything or anybody, let alone a school teacher? Then, turning to the man, he blurted out, "No!" and retired to his room to think it over.

Some weeks went by, when one night after school Red got his teacher mad—fighting mad. Her face was red and her fingers twitched as if they'd like to get into his hair. But no—she was strong of character and had a better plan to subdue this wild lad from the desert.

Red went home and spent the evening cooking up arguments to defend his case. He rehearsed it over and over in his mind, until he had, on the tip of his tongue, what he thought was about an hour's worth of the hottest argument that the little town had ever heard.

But the next morning as Red strode defiantly into the schoolroom, ready to turn loose his supply of argument on the slightest provocation, he found her to be all smiles. She greeted him more like a lost and found brother than like an enemy awaiting the signal to fight.

They had a good many such quarrels, but she always treated him as before, never mentioning their previous quarrels.

After about three such quarrels Red would, in the course of an hour or so, have feelings of regret. For this he hated himself, arguing that nothing but a sissy ever regretted anything. For of all the things he loathed was a come-pet-me-mother sort of a boy.

But he was as powerless as a snake under the spell of its charmer to keep back the feelings of shame and regret that insisted on coming to him after he had quarreled with her—his queenly school teacher.

Red had not known before that he possessed feelings and sentiments like other people, and when he found it out, it was his first step toward being tamed.

He soon became conscious of her wonderful personality and charming beauty, and would sit and look at her by the hour, thinking—dreaming.

After school was out Red often played in the road near the school house, and would lose his ball or some imaginary article in the weeds, so as to have an excuse for hanging around, incidentally getting one

more sweet look, as he thought she looked prettier when her responsibilities were laid aside for the day.

One Saturday, while Red and a couple of boy friends were out herding cattle, they broke into a honey house belonging to the town forest ranger. During the week following, vague rumors were afloat throughout the village about the big robbery.

But before another Saturday put in its appearance one of the boys, after a little grilling on the part of his mother, aided by the forest ranger, confessed and painted the story in all its vividness; the breaking of the lock with a pick, the stealing of the money and the caving in of some beehives in the apiary. He made a clean breast of it, told everything and gave each one their due share of blame.

As was a long standing custom, a dance was held every other Saturday night. This dance happened to come when the news of the honey stealing was still fresh, and Red, who lived within a block of the dance hall, came, as usual, to stand around and look on.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Red was standing in the front doorway. There was an intermission, and the old forest ranger, who was known by all, began making the rounds, supposedly congratulating his friends, as was his custom. But Red noticed that as he spoke to each one in turn he would nod his head toward the door and would look that way with an expression of astonishment on their faces.

Of course, they may have just happened to look toward the front door, but Red was quick to hint suspicion and clever in finding out if it was he that was being suspicioned.

He figured that, after they had looked his way and nodded he could get around to the back door before the "human newspaper" would reach the next person. This he did.

The old ranger talked with another lady awhile, nodded toward the front door and resumed talking. But the old lady said something to him, whereupon he looked toward the front door, around the room, and then nodded toward the back door. The lady gave one satisfied look and resumed talking.

Red waited and saw many other people look toward the back door, following the ranger's nod. Then, stepping out into the darkness, Red said to himself, "Some guys might want the dope in shorthand to be satisfied, but not for this gink. Guess I'm queered with the school teacher now—didn't care so much about the rest of 'em, but there was sure something about her that—well, it was sure hard luck."

Time went by and their friendship remained the same. She never even mentioned the honey episode, but, of course, she knew, because the old man was always glad of the chance to tell her anything. So finally, becoming indignant and not being able to understand her power of controlling another person's mind, Red not only asked her if she knew, but told her the story. She pretended that she had never heard anything about it before, took absolutely no interest in it whatever, and quickly

changed the subject.

Red could not understand. He wondered what kind of a human being she was. But hers was the master mind, which controlled others at will, but always for their good.

The last day of the term came and the teacher looked nervous. Probably she feared that Red would spoil the big play that was to come off that afternoon by ruining his comedy part, as he had threatened to ruin it, when in one of his cussed moods.

The play had been widely advertised many days ahead of time. A beautifully painted poster was placed in the Palmdale postoffice, fifteen miles away. Some of the people came as far as twenty miles and arrived in the morning. Teacher grew very nervous as she realized that her reputation as a school teacher rested in the hands of each individual. But the play came off, was a grand success, and they all did justice to their parts.

She was happy now, because she was to leave town next day with the feeling that every one within miles around was her friend. She had well earned the satisfaction of that feeling.

Next day, when Red came home from work at noon, he learned that she had visited his house and said that she would like to have him see her off at the station that evening.

It was a little after sunset, and the shadows of the mountains were fast creeping over the valley as Red strolled leisurely down to the station.

Almost the entire town population, about fifteen, were standing around in a group, with her in the center, chatting gaily.

Red regretted her leaving for other reasons than did the rest of the crowd. Some of the young single men probably thought they no longer had a chance. The old ranger may have looked upon her going like he would if a daughter of his own was going to some far off place for an indefinite length of time. But the feelings of Red were different from any of these. It would be hard to describe the way he felt, as he had never felt that way before. It can simply be said that he was not himself. The place, without her, he thought, would be void of life, because she was the ginger belle of the town.

Red did not look upon her as a mother, a teacher, or a sweetheart; but merely, as he expressed it, as a friend. But, of course, his feelings were deeper than those of friendship, only Red did not use the other term.

The shrill whistle of the train took off the gay expression of the group and put on a more serious one. The school teacher spoke a few parting words with an old lady with whom she had been staying, kissed her goodby, and then did the same to her young lady chum. At this juncture the old ranger put his arm around her neck and, saying "Boys, you don't know what's good," did what they would all like to have done but didn't dare. With that Red, who had stood quite unnoticed by the crowd, turned and left. But it worked out like the plot of a play. Her chum followed him, and before he had gone ten yards caught him by the

arm. By this time the farewells were spoken; she led him back and said in a coaxing way, "Come on, Red; what you feeling blue about?"

The teacher, as she came toward him, said, "Here you are. I'm going to kiss you too." Red saw black as she did. It was a real kiss; not one of those pecking kind that he was used to getting from his grandma and other dlo women relatives.

With the call of "all aboard," and a whistle, the train started off, and as it did so a huge lump began rising in Red's throat. It rose higher and higher, and when the train rounded the bend and disappeared from view it fairly choked him, and he stumbled half blinded home.

In his boyish mind he was thinking how nice it would be if the train could only be wrecked, cars piled up, broken glass everywhere, screams of pain, etc., and he could get word of it somehow, go flying down on a handcar and rescue "her" from the burning wreck. But—of course, he didn't want to see anybody get hurt.

This is only Red's half of the story. If her half could be gotten it also might make an interesting tale.

SAM MUSTAIN.

A Christmas Story In June

She was a New York girl, and just now a very much puzzled girl. Here it was the twenty-fifth of December and the air of the Southern California village was as balmy as it was in the East in June. She thought it over for a while and decided that she enjoyed it for a change. But for a regular diet she thought that she preferred New York with its blizzards, skating and sleighing.

A young man was sitting beside her on the hotel porch. He wasn't wondering about Christmas, skating, or anything of the sort. His eyes and mind dwelled upon one thing, and that one thing was the girl. He owned a large ranch somewhere up the valley, but he had been in town ever since the girl had arrived. If he received any income from this ranch it was wholly the fault of his employees.

They were sitting on the porch of an old hotel, which, if one could believe the landlord, had been famous in its day. But now the village was the type of the usual pueblo—sleepy, dusty and monotonous. Buildings sagged, the streets were lumpy and even the people themselves looked as though they had been prosperous in days gone by, but now were living on dried meat and chilis. A woman selling sweets passed them, her tray on her head. A blind beggar tapped, tapped his way past the hotel on his way to a saloon. In the old townhall, a short distance away, a clock began to strike. The clock sounded to Miss Sutton not as an ordinary clock, but as an enchanted clock whose chimes were sweet music. She turned to the man:

"Am I awake? If not, please don't awaken me for I don't wish to be battling with the blasts of winter again. O the warmth and the splendor of it all!"

The man seemed suddenly to take on the spirit of a man going to battle. "Then if you like it so well, the climate, people and all won't——"

"It does please me," she remakred cooly; "it's so charmingly interesting, you know. Everything, even the brown-legged children and shriveled-up old women."

"I declare, you make me feel like a pinati."

The man leaned back against a pillar, resolved not to say a word until parting time.

"What's a pinati?" asked the girl sweetly. She talked much nicer when they conversed on a neutral subject. This trick of her's was turning the man's hair gray; or it would have if he had been a little older.

"A pinati is nothing more nor less than a stuffed scarecrow. I suppose you might call it a doll. They use them in Christmas entertainments. They are hung just above the children's heads. Then they (the children) are given sticks. Then the children start banging around

and soon it's raining sweets. I forgot to say the pinatis were stuffed with sugar plums. Oh, by the way, as it is Christmas, the gift that I want is——"

"Goodness gracious! I had forgotten all about wishing you a Merry Christmas. Let me think. How do they say it? 'Felis——' "

"Don't," the man begged. "Don't say that unless you mean it. The only way that I can possibly have a Merry Christmas is to have you. I've been waiting and trying to say this for two solid hours, and nothing short of judgment will prevent my fin——"

"Juanita, Ricardito!" A little, brown-faced old woman came in sight from around the corner. She was so old that she needed a staff to walk at all. She arrived at the hotel and sank on the steps very much exhausted. Her hair was as white as snow, her face was seamed and looked more as through it might be parchment instead of skin that covered it. Her hands were withered and not far from useless. They trembled when they grasped her stick.

"Juanita! Ricardito! Hurry on, you laggards!" she called down the street.

Around the corner came a dog with two puppies following laboriously in her wake. The oldest dog looked as worn out as her mistress. Panting and tired she dropped at the old woman's feet. The girl leaned impulsively toward the old woman:

"Have you traveled a long way, little mother? You look tired and hot."

The old woman looked at her and gave a quick little bow. She did not speak at once. Finally she said, "Seven miles, thanks to the saints for bringing me here." She lowered her voice, "Christmas, Christmas and I had to walk all this way on Christmas. There are five little ones at home, my grandchildren. The father is dead and the mother, my daughter, is ill. I must provide. So I came today to see if some one would not buy a puppy for a peso. The little ones want a pinati so badly."

A servant of the hotel came to the doorway. "The master will buy your puppies for twenty-five centavos. They are not worth even that."

"What! My Ricardito and my Carlos worth no more than twenty-five centavos? My poor little puppies. Right gladly would I sell myself but there is no one who wants an old woman like me."

The girl's eyes were moist. Her hand felt for the man's.

"Oh, well, if I must, you may have them. They are worth much more than that."

The servant stooped for the dog, but the man quietly told him to drop them. The servant obeyed and walked off, muttering something about the foolishness of Americans.

"Will you sell them to me for five pesos?"

"Senor," she gasped, "surely you jest with me."

He put the gold piece into her hand.

"No, little mother, here is the money."

"May the dearest wish of your heart come true, senor. May you never want a thing that you do not get. Good-bye, puppies, you've a kind master."

"But, little mother, you don't understand. I want you to take care of them. I hope to be going on a long journey soon. When we—I—come back I will want to see them."

"The old woman understood. She fell upon her knees and kissed his hand. Then, with the money clasped tightly in her fist and the dogs following at her heels, she hurried to the market place to buy a pinati.

The man watched the old woman hobble down the street. The girl nestled close to him and whispered, "Felices Pascuas."

"Ain't It Awful, Girls?"

The warning note has sounded loud and clear,
And ultra-stylish modes are now taboo.
The maids whose "silly" dress brings forth a sneer,
Must dress in simple "middies" trimmed with blue.

A teacher who o'er freshmen proud holds sway,
Sailed forth upon the campus, mischief bent,
Espied the fashion show there on display
And to her views on modern dress gave vent.

It seemed to stand her very hair on end
To see those "sweet young things" she long had known
Now wear their skirts so tight they scarce can bend
And often let an ankle chic be shown.

Their hair all decked with puffs was a disgrace,
Eclisped by nothing told in ancient tale.
The loads of stuff they put upon their face
Would put to flight the most admiring male.

She deemed it proper something quick be done
And started forth in earnest search of gore.
She sternly put her foot on honest fun,
And in her noon hour class she held the floor.

Now girls, if you your teachers' love would keep,
Dispense with all those things that are taboo.
Go cast them sadly on the briney deep,
And dress in simple "middies" trimmed with blue.

GROVE BROWN.

SPORTS

Baseball

Last February, when Coach Nihart called for baseball recruits quite a number turned out, and from this material he has built up this wonderful team of 1914.

Both "Slug" Lorenson and Mr. Nihart have worked hard and long, and it was through no fault of theirs that we didn't win the Championship. Manual can't win every championship, and although we would like to see the pennant in our halls, we know that our team has put up a hard fight, and all we can say is wait till next year.

Team

Frank "Slug" Lorenson—Captain and third base; certainly lives up to his name.

Don Stewart—One of Manual's star twirlers; pitched the tie game with Poly.

Lester Putney—Don's pitching partner; has a fast one that is hard to hit.

Manual Lean—Catcher; a veteran, who is there behind the bat.

Chas. Ott—First base; covers the first sack like a veteran.

John McAlpin—Second base. Mc is there constantly.

Theron Van Wye—Short, certainly gathers up the hot ones and knows how to hit.

Lou Ligier—Left field, is on the job all the time.

Elton Bailey—Center field, pulls down the high ones and gets them to the plate in time.

Howard Kincaid—Right field. "Kink" plays the right garden like he does football, and that is "some."

Baseball Team

Baseball Scores for Season 1914

Poly vs. Manual	At Manual	M. 5, P. 3.
Hollywood vs. Manual	At Hollywood	M. 5, H. 3.
Poly vs. Manual	At Poly	M. 1, P. 1.
Poly vs. Manual	At Poly	M. 2, P. 4.
Gardena vs. Manual	At Gardena	M. 6, G. 0.
Poly vs. Manual	At Manual	M. 2, P. 5.
Glendale vs. Manual	At Manual	M. 8, Glen. 5.
Hollywood vs. Manual	At Manual	M. 2, H. 5.
Glendale vs. Manual	At Glendale	M. 4, Glen. 3.

Track Team

Don Stewart, Captain—High jumper, discus thrower and good all-around man.

Neil Creighton, Manager—Best high jumper in Southern California.

Langdon Smead—Both hurdles and the broad jump. Winner of annual Pentathlon.

Ray Yerkes—Mile and half mile.
Charles Repath—100, 220 and relay.
Ray Hughes—100, 220, 440 and relay.
Warren Webster—Shot and Discus.
Blick Bangeter—Two-mile and Marathon.
George Maurer—Pole vault.
William Penn—50, 100, 220 and relay.
Jesse Frampton—Pole vault.
George Finch—Broad jump.
Martin Zolle—Low hurdles and relay.
Arthur Gillman—440, 220 and relay.
Erwin Werner—Shot, broad jump, 880, and relay.
Franklin Harper—Relay.
Charles Yerkes—High hurdles.
Herman Hess—Half mile.
Gwynn Wilson—Mile.
Clark Teitsworth—Mile.
James Boone—Low hurdles.
Charles Rennigal—Relay.
Dixon Oyler—Relay.

Nicknames

Langdon Smead—"Lang."
Neil Creighton—"Scissors."
Don Stewart—"Smiling Don."
Charles Repath—"Chuck."
Warren Webster—"Shrimp."
Blick Bangeter—"Road Louse."
George Maurer—"Silent."
William Penn—"Bill."
Martin Zolle—"Mutt."
Jesse Frampton—"Foo."
Arthur Gilman—"Art."
George Blair—"Dutch."
George Finch—"Whitey."
Franklin Harper—"Spagoni."

Feb. 6, 1914—Manual 85, Harvard 19.

Feb. 14, 1914—Oxy Relay Carnival: First in half mile; second in eight-man 220 relay; first in four-man 880 relay, and second in pole vault.

Feb. 24, 1914—Manual Arts 69, Pasadena 44.

Feb. 28, 1914—Manual Arts 81, Santa Ana, 32.

March 7, 1914—Manual Arts 58¾, Pomona 45¼.

March 13, 1914—Manual Arts 75, L. A., 38.

March 21, 1914 (City Meet)—Manual Arts 59½, Hollywood 29½. L. A., 22, Poly 11, Lincoln 0.

March 28, 1914 (Southern California)—Manual Arts tied for second with Anaheim with 14 points.

April 18, 1914 (A. A. U.)—Manual Arts broke world record in 8-man 220 relay, second in broad jump, third in low hurdles and third in two-mile.

Southern California

The Southern California championship was held on the Y. M. C. A. field on the 28th of March. There were so many entries that heats in various races were run in the morning, and it was in one of these heats that our chances for the Cup were sadly lessened.

In the trial heats in the low hurdles Langdon Smead was running in the lane next to V. Murry of Orange. In some unaccountable manner Murry tripped and fell in Smead's lane, and rather than walk on Murry with his spiked shoes, fell and received six lovely spike holes in his knee, beside sliding along on his hip on the cinders for about three yards.

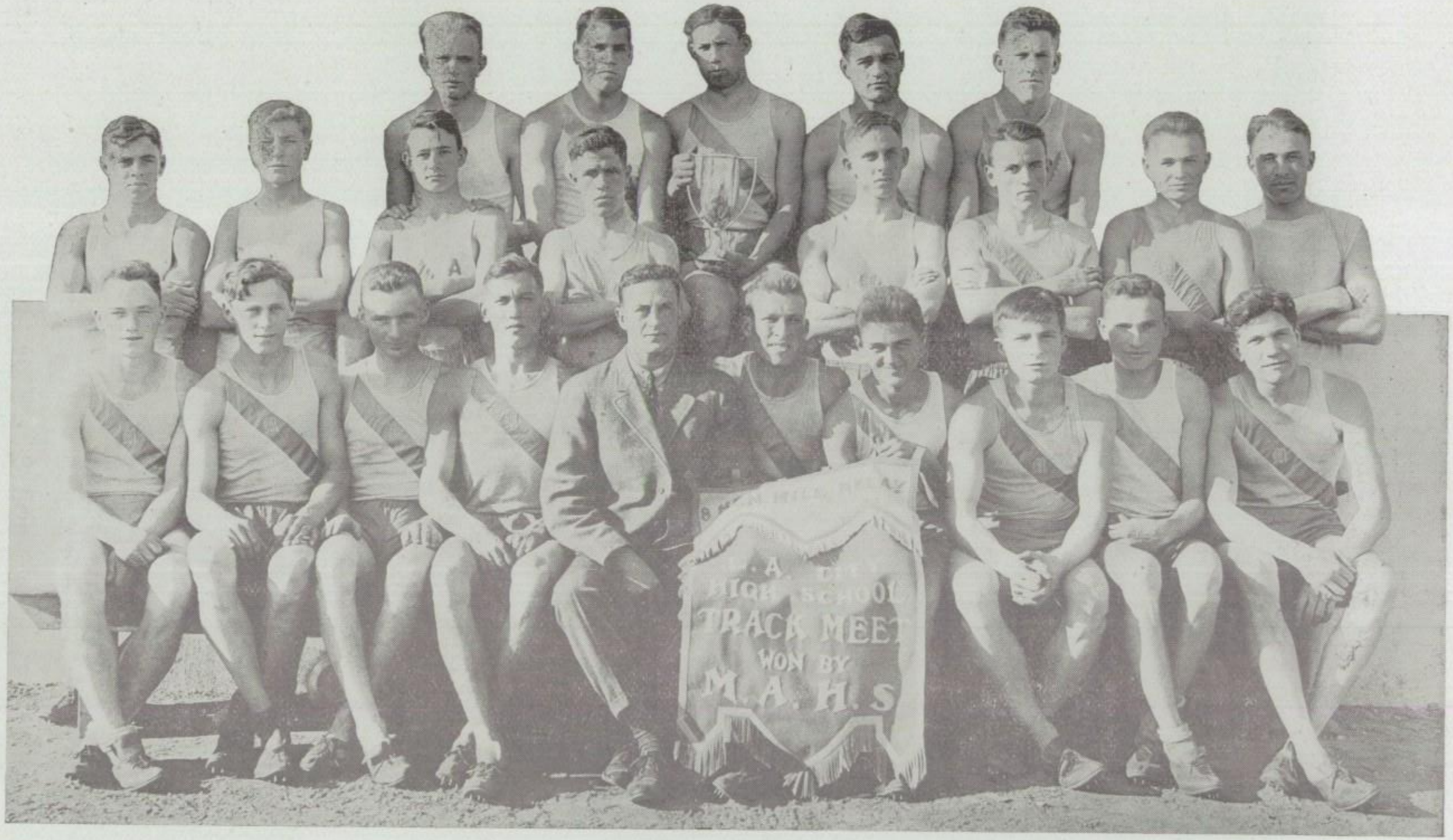
Thus it was that we went over to see the finales in the afternoon with a deep foreboding; and it was not until after the high jump that our hopes rose and we saw a chance. Ray Yerkes ran a close second to Beebe in the mile and annexed three points for Manual. Ray's performance was wonderful when we consider that Beebe is the man that was one-half a yard behind Berry of Redlands, when the latter set up a new interscholastic world's record in the mile at the Stanford meet.

The next three points to our good were made by George Manrer in the pole vault, when he cleared eleven feet seven inches. Eighteen entries were mad in th pol, so you can see that our little "Silent" George Manrer is there.

After the high jump the entire Manual Arts rooters' section went wild. Neil Creighton won this event with a leap of five feet eleven and one-half inches, beating Anderson of Santa Fe and the rest of the crack jumpers of Southern California. After Neil's achievement Manual Arts had a total of eleven points, and the relay was all that remained. If we won the relay the meet was ours.

We rose, shaking with excitement as the different teams picked their lanes. Thirteen teams started. "Dutch" Blair, our diminutive football captain, picked the fifth lane. The teams came to their marks and formed in a seething mass as they entered the first curve. Just as the half-way mark was reached we saw a flying figure extract itself from the bunch and tear into the last curve and straight-away. Mosby of Long Beach was a yard in the rear. "Dutch" sent Bill Penn away on a perfect flying start, and Bill ran and ran till he lengthened the lead to two yards.

Ray Hughes ran the third lap, and Ray also did some ground covering, and game little Repath a four-yard lead. Now, there is a young man down at Long Beach High by the name of Work, and this same young man is about the fastest human being in any high-school around here, and he was the player of our funeral march. Repath started with a four-yard lead, and as long as he was on the curve he held that lead, but when he hit the straight-away his little legs couldn't cover enough ground, and Wrak slowly drew up and passed him by a scant half yard. That was the way Long Beach won the meet with fifteen points, while Manual Arts was tied for second with Anaheim with thirteen points.



Track Team

A. A. U.

The South Pacific Branch of the Amateur Athletic Union held their annual track and field meet on the Oxy Field, April 1th. Several special events were staged for the benefit of grammar and high-school athletes. Among these events was a high-school hundred and a high-school eight-man relay.

Among the entries in the 100 were Wark of Long Beach, Newby of Pasadena, Dell and Jameson of L. A. and Repath and Penn of Manual Arts. Nobody expected either of the latter to even place, but Bill Penn got away with a perfect start and passed the bunch for first place in the good time of 10.2.

The broad jump was an open event, and Langdon Smead had to compete with college and club entrants. But nothing daunted, Lang went ahead and won second with a jump of twenty-two feet one and one-quarter inches. Howard Drew of U. S. C., the champion sprinter of the world, won this event, beating Lang only two or three inches.

Manual Arts also showed the athletic world that they had a two-miler here in the form of Blick Bangeter. We all knew Blick was a Marathoner, but he sprang a big surprise when he won third place in the long grind, out of nine entries. The relay race was the next to the last event of the day, and when we learned that this team had broken the world record we all went home satisfied with Manual's work.

Relay Team

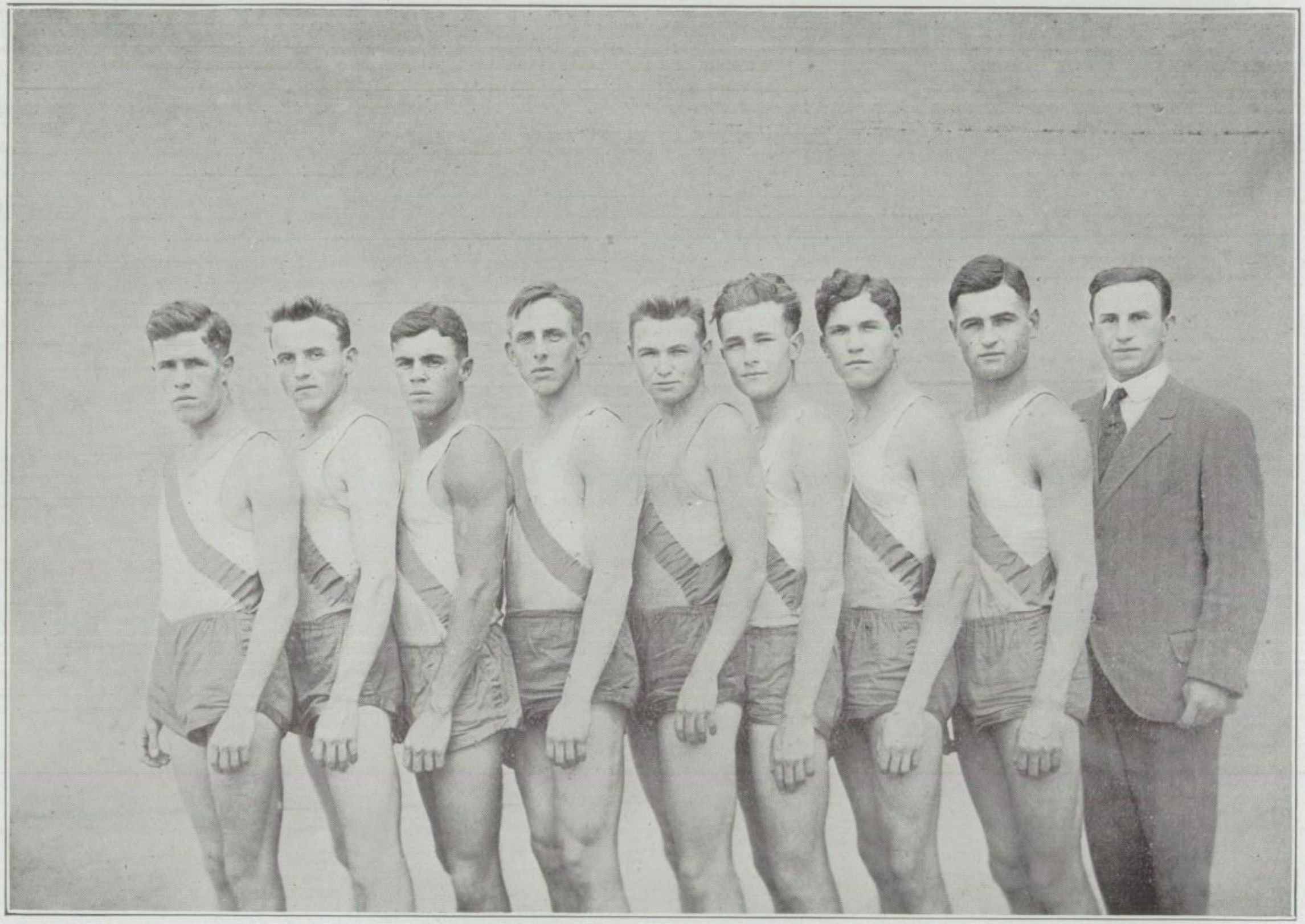
Manual Arts has the fastest eight-man relay team in the world, and we are justly proud of the record they have made. This record was made in an official A. A. U. meet. The record is now three minutes, seven and one-fifth seconds, which is three seconds better than the previous record held by the Los Angeles High School team of 1910.

Only Manual and Long Beach came to their marks in this race, and it was a fight to the tape; and we won by a good fifteen yards. The team ran in the following order: George Blair, William Penn, Franklin Harper, Arthur Gillman, Martin Zolle, Erwin Werner, Charles Repath and Ray Hughes. The average for each lap of a full two hundred and twenty yards was twenty-three and two-fifths seconds.

What We Think of Our Team

Manual Arts has just passed thru the greatest track season of their lives. Every one connected in any way with this team has worked long and hard, and as a result of their combined efforts Manual Arts has the premier track team of Southern California; and the chances are greatly in our favor for the championship of the State.

The team is one of the best balanced teams ever seen in action on cinders in this part of the State. Every event was ably taken care of by one or more stars. Every member of the team was far above the average; a man that made a letter this year was a star and could have a place on any high-school team in the United States.



Champion Relay Team

City Meet Point Winners

High School Records

Event.	Held By	Record.	Where Made and When.	
50-yard Dash	Wm. Penn	5.2 seconds	San Diego	March 8, 1913
100-yard Dash	Chas. Repath	10.1 seconds	L. A.-Manual Meet	March 13, 1914
High Hurdles	Langdon Smead	16.3 seconds	City Meet	March 24, 1914
220-yard Dash	Chas. Cronkite	23 seconds	Santa Ana	February 28, 1914
Low Hurdles	Langdon Smead	26 seconds	A. A. U	April 18, 1914
440-yard Dash	Chas. Cronkite	52.3 seconds	L. A.-Manual	March 13, 1912
880-yard Dash	Phil Teitsworth	2 minutes 5 seconds	M. A.-Oxy	February 28, 1912
Mile	Ray Yerkes	4 minutes 36.4 seconds	Santa Ana	February 28, 1914
Two-Mile	Blick Bangeter	10 minutes 50 seconds	A. A. U	April 18, 1914
Pole Vault	George Maurer	11 feet 7 inches	Southern California	March 28, 1914
Discus	George Maurer	110 feet 11½ inches	City Meet	March 21, 1914
Shot	Warren Webster	44 feet 4¼ inches	City Meet	March 21, 1914
Broad Jump	Langdon Smead	22 feet 2½ inches	In Annual Pentathlon	May 5, 1914
High Jump	Neil Creighton	5 feet 11¼ inches	Southern California	March 28, 1914

Four-Man Relay record is held by Arthur Gillman, Charles Cronkite, George Blair and Charles Repath. Time, 1 minute 33 seconds, made in the meet with Santa Ana, February 28, 1914.

Eight-Man Relay team is held by George Blair, William Penn, Franklin Harper, Arthur Gillman, Martin Zollie, Erwin Werner, Charles Repath and Ray Hughes. The time is 33 minutes 7 1-5 seconds, and is a world's record; made in the A. A. U. meet at Oxy on April 18, 1914.

Ninth Grade Meet

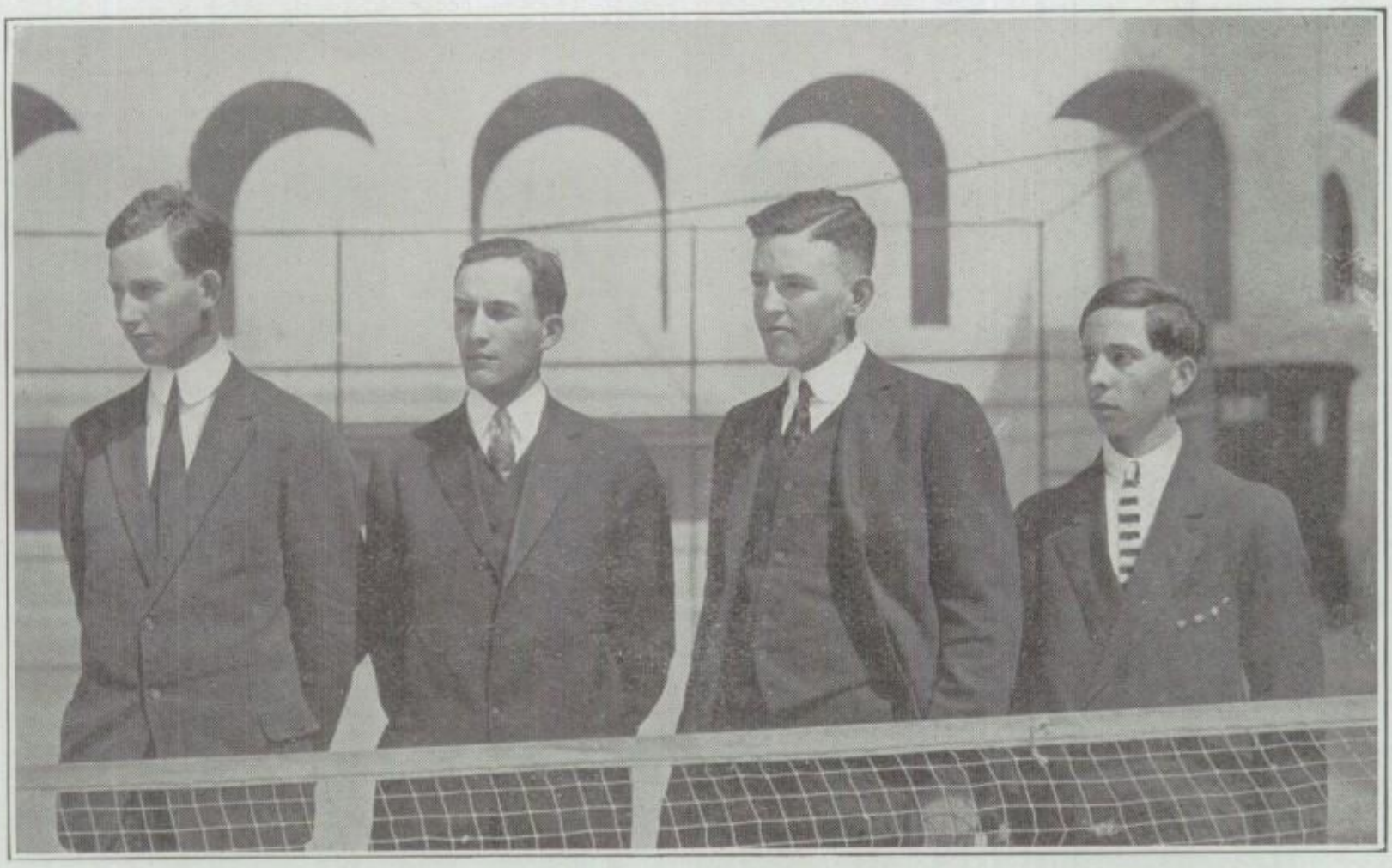
Along toward the end of this track season, Mr. Quinten conceived the idea that the scrubs should have something to inspire them in track, so he put up a beautiful cup for the ninth grader making the most number of points in a ninth grade meet. As a result of this meet Ralph McGinnis is the proud possesser of Mr. Quinten's cup.

Beswick Trophy

Langdon Smead is again winner of Mr. Beswick's trophy. To gain this cup Smead had to earn sixty-one points, in dual meets, for Manual Arts. However, the trophy this year is not a medal, as it was heretofore, but a large, twelve-inch silver cup. And Lang is not fortunate enough to keep this cup more than a year, because it is a perpetua! cup, and any one that gets it to keep must win it twice in succession.

Pentathlon

Tuesday, May the fifth, was the day the first Pentathlon was staged. There were five events of speed, stamina and strength. Langdon Smead won the gold medal with a score of 3734 out of a possible 5000. Neil Creighton took second with 3605, George Bluitt third with 3517 and Kill Kendig fourth with 3370. Our coach, Mr. Fritsch, has inaugurated this idea, and he wishes to make it an annual affair.



Lyon, Edwards, McCabe, Griswold

Tennis Team

The tennis team for this year has been a very successful and prominent organization. It has defeated every high-school team in the county, except Los Angeles High, with whom the team could not secure a match.

McCabe and Edwards graduate next year. eW will still have Winnie, one of the most promising players in high-school ranks. Klawiter will also make the team next year. These four fellows have done a big thing for Manual in putting her on the map of Interscholastic tennis. Edward managed the team.

Following is the schedule of tornaments.
January 3—Manual Arts defeated Alhambra, 12-7.
Mar. 7—Manual Arts defeated Harvard Military, 11-8.
Mar. 14—Manual Arts defeated Hollywood, 10-9.
Apr. 11—Manual Arts defeated Hollywood, 10-9.
Apr. 11—Manual Arts defeated Polytechnics, 16-8.
Apr. 23—Winnie and Edwards at Ojai Tournament.
May 9—City Tournament.
May 16—County Tournament.
May 23—Lincoln High vs. Manual Arts.
June 6—Long Beach vs. Manual Arts.

SMILES

Evolution

Monkey to Man

Little, But Oh!

Have you ever seen a crazy duck
Go running thru the hall?
He seems to think that everyone
Is at his beck and call.

He bosses all the faculty,
He tells the students how
They ought to run their business,
And they must do it now.

He thinks the world would cease to go
If he stopped bossing things.
And one of these fine sunny days
He'll sprout some angel wings.
Some big gink should come along
And soak him good and hard
And put him in the cooler, where
He can't pass out his cards.

CHARACTERISTICS

Freshman year—"Comedy of errors."
Sophomore year—"Much ado about nothing."
Junior year—"As you like it."
Senior year—"All's well that ends well."
Alumni year—"Lest we forget."

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss!"
Bessie Lyon—"Do you think so, sir?"

Gail Seelig (translating Spanish)—"Our aunt is the brother of our father."

Langdon Smead, in council meeting, speaking of a bouquet sent to some one: "I'm sure the spirit remained as long as the flowers lasted."

Answer to why student was sent to 301—"Because I was told."

Quoting our friend, Mr. Fonda, "Yes, I'm teaching school and just living as a result."

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Miss Lemos, explaining passage in Spanish class, "I am under 18 years of age, or, in other words, I have not reached that age as yet."

Well, now we don't like to insinuate, but we can't quite see that that is possible.

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723 West 7th St. *Los Angeles.*

Heard at Self-Government meeting, "You are charged with smoking on top of the backstop." Oh! you steeplejack.

Mr. Chase is going around with about 2 lbs. of germicide in one hand and a telescope in the other, looking for the sleepy one who answered, "Search me," to the question, "Where do the fleas go in the winter time?"

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Pat applying for a job.
"What can you do?" the superintendent asked him.
"Shure and I can do anything," replied Pat.
"Do you know anything about carpentry?"
"Shure," answered Pat.
"Well, how would you make a Venetian Blind?"
"Shure and I'd poke him in the eye wid my finger," said Pat.

"Is this a second-hand shop."
"Yes sir."
"Well, I want one for my watch."

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Miss Grooves (during orchestra practice)—Why do you always beat time with your feet?

M. Carpenter—It's the music in my sole, I guess.

He looked very grave. Algeron said, "Do you think there is any hopes, doctor?"

"The only hope is to send your mother-in-law to a warm climate."

Whereupon Algy went right into the woodshed, got an axe, brought it in and said? "You hit her—I can't."

"Are you Hungary?"
"Yes Siam."
"Well, I'll Fiji."

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For illustrated souvenir and catalogue, call on, or address the college, 321 S. Hill St.

Mr. Fonda, "A man is considered educated if he can mix well."
"Say, let's all become bakers."

Long Distance Furniture and Merchandise Moving

Wilcox Motor Transfer Co.

Sight-seeing Cars for "Rooters' Clubs"
and Evening or Hay-ride Parties

521-23 So, San Pedro St. — *F6143, Main 52*
GEO. J. PETERMAN, Prop. — *Res. Phone 29453*

Laborer (hunting for a job)—Have you an opening for me, sir?
Busy Boss—Yes, right behind you; close it as you go out.

SENIORS

All things come to those who wait;
That's what they used to say;
But we observed some whims of fate
Don't pass out jobs that way.

WARREN CROW — WALTER J. ISRAEL
Home F5871 — Sunset Main 4464

Fischer's Costuming Co.

Theatrical and Masquerade Costumes
Amateur Productions a Specialty

Brauer Bldg., 345-347 South Spring Street

PHONE F2703
RES. 53314

PAY LESS AND
DRESS BETTER

$25 SUIT SHOP
A. SOLOMON
TAILOR AND DESIGNER
MAKER OF THE KIND OF CLOTHES
GENTLEMEN WEAR

642 S. SPRING ST.

LOS ANGELES, CAL

Marie Allen, in Spanish class, when asked if she had found anything about Media, "Yes, but there wasn't anything there."

My dog's name is "Etymologist;" he is a collector of rare insects.

Mr. Fonda, in civic class, "Yes, I know a girl who is a Mimerian, and I know something worse than that about her."

We don't care if Al Beck does hear this:

Definition of a *Ford;* something you buy when you can't afford an automobile.

Smith's GROCERS

For Picnic Supplies

Smith's is the Place
Sandwiches made to order

Cakes, Pies, Rolls, and Cookies, Fresh Daily
Own Baking with finest ingredients possible.
Baskets of Fresh Fruit Attractively Packed
Chocolates & Confections "Own Make" Fresh Daily

Walter E. Smith Co., Grocers
212-218 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

ADVICE TO CLASSES

Freshies—"Bear all troubles patiently."
Freshmen—"Be brave in the struggle of life."
Sophomores—"Never attempt to appear more than you are."
Juniors—"Employ your time well."
Seniors—"Pay your debts promptly."

WOOD BROS.

Guaranteed Clothes

Full of Snap and Style

343 South Spring Street

Economy? Yes, Si Perkins tried that, but inside o' three weeks his horse died. Pays to feed animals, by heck.

HOME PRODUCTS

WEST AMERICAN RUBBER COMPANY

400-432 N. AVE. 19

Manufacturers of Rubber Goods

You are invited to watch the process of washing, drying and curing the rubber from the raw state as we receive it from the plantation to the finished product in the shape of tubing, bulbs, packing, washers, etc.

Rubber specialties made to your specifications.

A MODERN MELODRAMA

Act I—A Villain, girl, dog, and a river.

Villain throws girl in river. Dog jumps in and drinks it up. Saves girl's life.

Act II—Villain tries to escape. Dog coughs up river. Villain drowns.

Sing a funeral march for this; What do you think! I held my life in my hands yesterday; I had a plate of hash from our cafeteria in my hands.

THE PACIFIC COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

Corner Daly Street and Mission Road, Los Angeles.
Phones—Home 31336, Sunset East 1904.

THE PACIFIC COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY offers a well-graded four years' course of instruction in all of the subjects necessary for the education of the physician. All of the work is on a laboratory basis.

The Clinics are large and varied and the Surgical Clinic at the Los Angeles County Hospital is open to our students.

For catalogue and full information, address,

THE PACIFIC COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

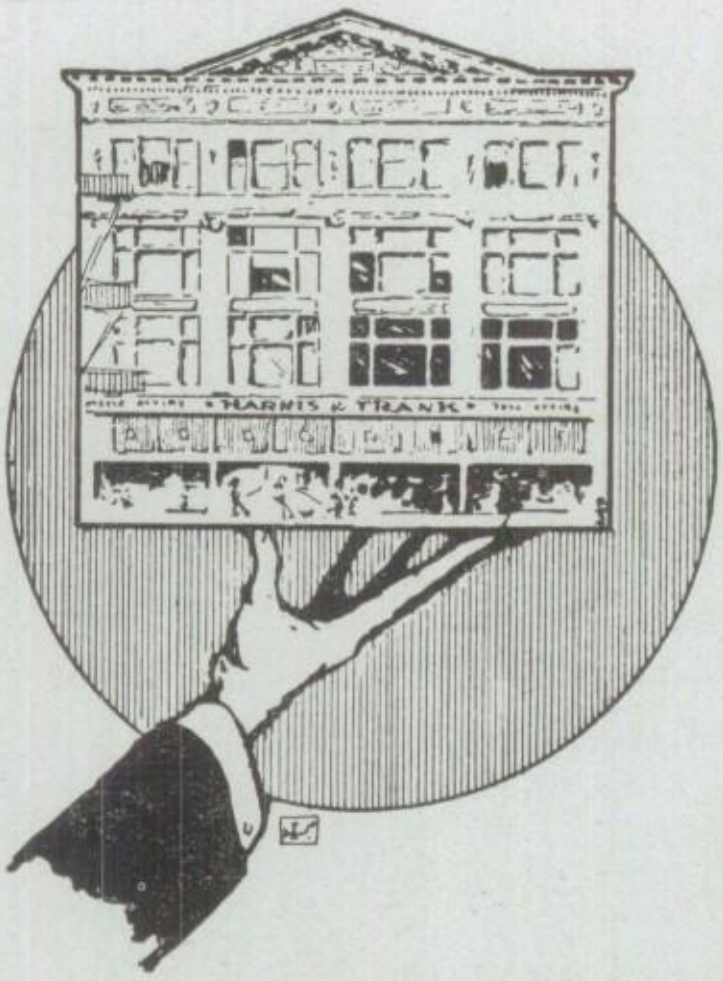
Some fellows chew the rag because they can't dance it.

A Tip to the Wise:—

"All You Really need to know about Hats" is

Logan, The Hatter

Two Splendid stores:
628 So. Broadway, *337 So. Spring.*



The Dictionary Ought to Say:

"**Well Dressed:** Meaning dressed in clothes from Harris & Frank"

For Every Member of the Family.

Hats, Clothes, Furnishings, Shoes.

Harris & Frank

437-443 South Spring St.

Lady—Why, you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born.

Small Boy—Yes, mum; I s'pose dere wuz a good deal of cussin' de day you wuz born.

HOLLMAN *Business College*

1017 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

The first step towards business success is a thorough and specialized business training. Let us fit you for the good things that may be yours. Ideal school location. Attractive college building. Low rates. Write for circular.

SCHOOL LIFE

Freshman—A little green weed that springs up in September and February.—Ex.

Pony—A necessary and much used beast of burden.—Ex.

A Philosopher—One who rides a philosopede.

Recitation—Art of bluffing.

Los Angeles Creamery Co.

1120-1200 Towne Ave. Home 10753 Main 7724

Producers and Dealers of all Dairy Products.

BUTTER

BRANDS: *Santa Ana, Lacca, Smith, Ell-a, Maple Grove.*

Pasteurized Milk and Cream.

SPECIAL Guaranteed Milk and FER-MIL-LAC

ICE CREAM

Schools using our Ice Cream: *Berendo, Lincoln, Custer, Manual Arts, Fourteenth Street, McKinley, Hollywood High, Thirtieth Street, Virgil, Los Angeles High, Boyle Heights Intermediate.*

There's a Reason.

Special Attention Given to Ice Cream orders for Families, Churches, Lodges, etc.

That fellow, Harper, blows his horn as though he had never seen a fish.

Lew Wiles, when asked where the pages of his book were, said, "They're still gone."

TRAVEL WITHOUT TROUBLE!

LARGEST STEAMERS—BEST SERVICE—LOWEST RATES.

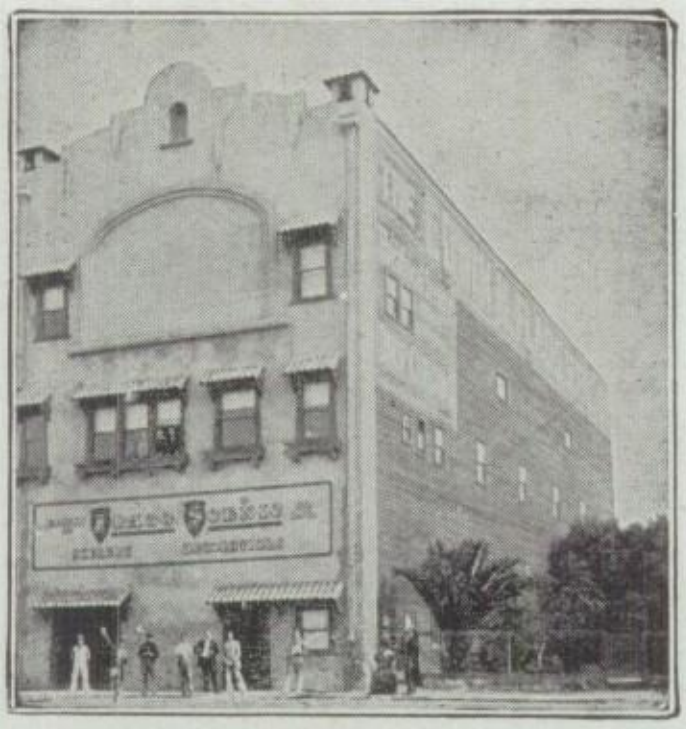
Panama, Europe, South America, Mediterranean, Honolulu, Alaska.

And around the world—Conducted and independent tours to **Europe, Japan and China.** Frequent departures.

THOS. COOK & SON

Agents all Steamship Lines,
515 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Cook's Travelers' Checks Good Everywhere



We point with pride to the Stage of the Manual Arts Auditorium, the most elaborate and practically arranged equipment in use. Consult us **BEFORE** building your Stage Scenery and Supplies for Schools Halls and Plays.

THE

Edwin H. Flagg Scenic Co.

1638 Long Beach Avenue

Clyde Freeman, talking on Inheritance Tax, "Well, a fellow's got to make a will before he dies."

Shoes De Luxe

The smartest sample styles for men and women. You are always sure of finding at this store the very latest in footwear elegance.

As Regards Price

It is a matter of pride, with us, that our prices are as low as is consistent with the marketing of dependable footwear.

Alex C. Hamilton

502 South Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

Made in Los Angeles by Kahn-Beck Co.

During a rain a bright personage walked into a bank and found considerable water on the floor and he said, "Well, I know out in Texas they have to water stock, but I didn't think they had to do it in a bank."

Q.—"Why is Ynez Lowe like the letter A?"
A.—"Because she is an indefinite article."

One of fair sex in Library, absent-mindedly, "Oh dear."
Bright scrub, "Present."

An Asset

A good suit of clothes is one of the big essentials that determines a young man's success—a good address is half the battle. Our prices $20. and higher.

460 So. Spring St. **Haber & Co.** 538 So. Broadway

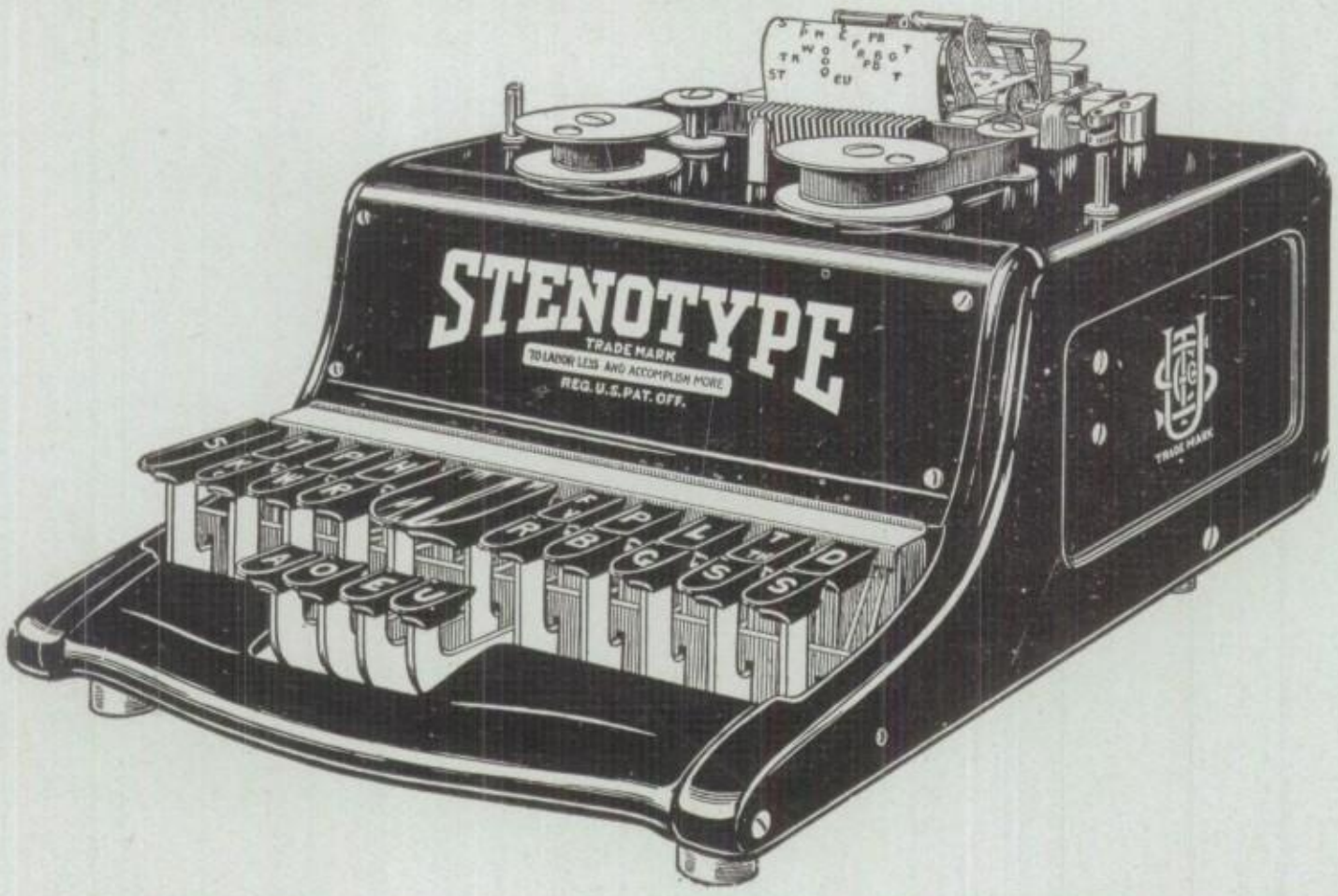
TAILORS FOR YOUNG MEN

Going to College? Take this machine!

With it you can get any lecture 100 per. cent better, with half the work—and perfect legibility.

Going to Business College? Take this machine!

It will put you ahead from one to three years. How do we know? It has already done so for thousands. Come on, Missourian Friend, let us show you the



Records speech quietly, a word at a stroke, in plain type letters, in a code easy to learn, easy to write (print), easy to read. Which do you want, the 24-page booklet, or a personal demonstration?

327 W. 8th
at Hill Street

LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE

Both Phones.

What's the difference between a pawnbroker and a banana?
Dunno.
You can skin a banana.

Mr. Mitchell—When was electricity first used?
Bright Student—It was used before the flood.
Mr. Mitchell—How's that?
Bright Student—Didn't Noah have an arc light?

New ideas in sterling silver novelties—toiletware, tango slipper sets, lingerie clasps, hatpins, veilpins, powder boxes, mesh bags, etc.—full size sterling silver vanity cases in the new striped design, sterling silver fitted, always sold at $10. or$11.—specially priced at Nordlinger's at $8.

J. Nordlinger & Sons

ESTABLISHED 1869
631-633 SOUTH
BROADWAY

Teacher—Leo, what river is in Italy?
Leo—Why—er—er—
Boy Behind—Say Po. Lec.
Leo—Sapolio.

Sunset West 136

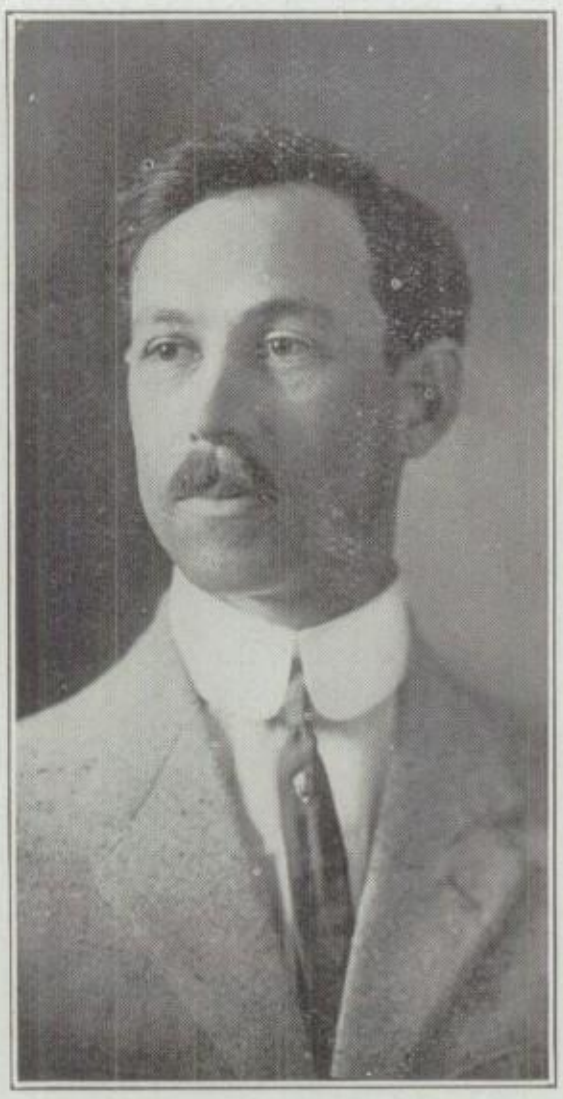
Home 24138
" 24139
" 24130

N. E. WILSON COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail . . **GROCERS** *Fruits and Vegetables* .

FRESH MEATS

Union Square
2497-2499 Hoover Street *LOS ANGELES, CAL.*



Mr. C. Weston Clark, Secretary and Manager since 1904, and five other men of unusual ability and experience, also six expert lady teachers constantly at your service.

After High School-What?

Whatever your occupation may be' you need a business education. You owe it to yourself to investigate the oldest, largest and highest grade commercial school corporation in the Pacific Southwest.

Bookkeeping
Shorthand
Stenotypy
Salesmanship
Spanish
and related subjects

Day and Evening, Entire year. Connected with Heald's in 12 Cities.

LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE

Eighth and Hill Street
Main 3236, F2196, 57353,
Holly 1469
Phone or call for Year Book.

Patronize Home Industry, and always ask for

Mathews Royal Chocolates

The name "Mathews" on the label is a guarantee that the goods are made in a Sanitary Factory, under the most approved and up to date Conditions, and visitors are always welcome.

413 Wall Street

But there's such a thing as waiting too long, especially when a new suit is in question.

Not only does your own personal appearance slack up if you postpone the buying of your new suit, but your old suit, without necessary repairs and pressing, becomes shabbier and shabbier as the days go by.

Why not keep your clothes always in perfect condition, by first buying Brauer mades, and second by letting Brauer care for your clothes after they are made?

Our new $20 suit-to-order special is worthy your attention.

A. K. Brauer & Co.

Tailors to men who know

Two Spring Street Stores
345-7 S. Spring—529 527 1-2 S. Spring

J. W. Robinson Co.

Broadway and Third

Here—the newest of Gossard, lace in front corsets; models especially designed to create the fashionable silhouette for girlish figures.

Slim, straight-lined models of suediue, tricot and broche;—just to the waist line and practically boneless. Exclusively here.

Student—What makes the ocean roar?
Teacher—It's the fish running their scales.
Student—Oh, I thought some one stepped on it's undertoe.

Are you first in anything at school, Harry?
Harry P.—"First out of the building when the bell rings."

OUR MORAL FRESHMEN

They walk on their heels and save their soles.

He—What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?
She—He said, "Dam it."

School and Class Pins, Field Medals our Specialty.

Designs and Estimates Furnished on Demand

Dealers in

Diamonds Watches
High Grade Jewelry, Etc.

Carl Entenmann Jewelry Co.

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BOOS BROS. CAFETERIA

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321 West Fifth St.
648 South Broadway

San Francisco, Cal.
1059 Market St.

Los Angeles, Cal.

206 W. 3rd St.

Between

Brdy. & Spring

York-town $2 HAT SHOP

147 W. 5th St.

Between

Spring & Main

Did you ever notice that thing on that hat Phil Hardy wears? It's not only noisy, but somewhat musical, too. Say, don't you know what a hat band is?

Hubby—Here is an article in which scientists say bugs have emotions. He claims he has seen mosquitoes weep.

Wifey—Well, I've often seen a moth ball.

Wolf & Bean

"THE FULL DRESS MEN"

The only Exclusive High Grade Full Dress House in the City.

Suite 512 Mason Bldg., 4th and Broadway.

Home Phone F2316 *Rental Department in Connection*

Commencement

We wish to congratulate the young men and young women who are preparing here to enter business or college, because the fact of having attended Manual Arts is an inspiration to all of her former students. We know that you, like all our alumni, will want to signify that you have spent your high school days at Manual Arts. All our graduates are proud to possess a Manual Arts emblem.

This strong and loyal school spirit has induced us to carry a magnificent line of school novelties, such as: Souvenir spoons, seal rings, school pins, bracelets, watch fobs, tie clasps, paper knives, and a complete line of felt goods. The conservative prices afford every student to have some emblem of Manual Arts.

Our extensive line of school necessities is complete for all grades. We always have what you need.

Manual Arts Book Exchange

"Everything for the student"

Every student of Manual Arts should get this thought firmly planted in his mind, in connection with the demand that is being made by certain ill advised and misguided people for National or Municipal ownership of public utilities. i.e., No City, state or nation as such, ever invented or improved any of the wonderful arts or sciences that have added so many million of dollars to the nations, or the world's wealth, and that have contributed so vastly to the comfort of the, all such inventions and such devices have been developed, perfected and put into use by individuals, firms or corporations and invariably when taken over by the public for operation, improvements of all kinds have ceased.

The Home Telephone and Automatic service is the result of private endeavor.

Man to Ticket Agent—Does this ticket include eats and drinks?
Ticket Agent—Yes, you can eat the dates and drink the punch.

Beauty isn't so much a matter of mug as a question of thinks.

"Say, do you know what a germ is?"
You bet I do. I've got a mother-in-law that's been hanging around ever since I went crazy."

When You want a Map ask for

Rand McNally's

Belford, McNally & Co., Agents.
455 South Olive St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Say, Susie, don't you think Bobbie Lewis is real cute, even if he isn't good looking?
Mother—Willie, Willie, you must not go out in the rain. You know your rubbers leak.
Willie—That's all right. I've got pumps in them.

Talking is not prohibited in the print shop, but a good workman, like a pair of scissors, shuts up when he goes to work.

Thorpe Engraving Company Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

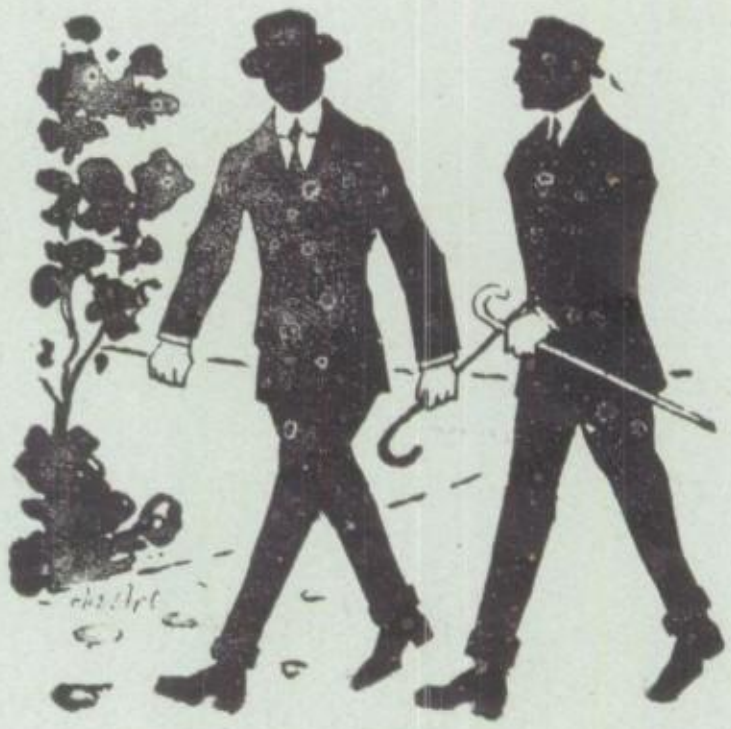
A Better Suit

For the Young Man is found at Desmond's.

Better in Style, Fabric, Fit, and Value.

The newest patterns and models at

$15 - $20 - $25



If your personal appearance means anything to you buy your next suit at this store.

DESMOND'S

Third St. at Spring

DO YOU?

All boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown
That I love other boys' sisters
Far better than my own.

Kid—How old is that lamp, Ma?
Ma—Oh, about three years.
Kid—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.

"When rain falls does it ever rise again?"
"Yes sir, in dew time."
"That will dew—be seated."

Student in Chemistry—Iodine has a violet smell.
Teacher—How's that?
Student—Well, it said in the book it gave off a violet vapor.

Wood Bros.

Guaranteed Suits $15 to $35

343 S. Spring st.

It wont leak

MOORE'S
THE ORIGINAL
NON-LEAKABLE
FOUNTAIN PEN

A pen built on sound principles;

One that can be carried in any position without leaking;

One that does not sweat or stain the fingers;

One that will write instantly without shaking;

One that can be used with the assurance of smoothness and dependability.

All of these lasting qualities can be found only in a Moore's Non-Leakable.

ASK ANY OWNER OF A MOORE'S WHAT HE THINKS OF IT.

GET YOURS IN THE

Manual Arts Book Exchange

"Everything for the Student"

ROOM 232

We had the pleasure to make the entire Photographic work of thc Artisan June '14, at our elegant and up to date equipped studio.

FORM 150

Los Angeles City School District

MANUAL ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

OFFICE OF PRINCIPAL

LOS ANGELES, CAL. April 15, 1914

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317 W. 6th St.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

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We, the members of the Artisan staff, take this opportunity to thank you for your excellent work done on our photographs. Owing to the fact that there were scores of individual pictures and the time limited, we doubt if any could have been done better.

We assure you that the Senior class and ourselves wish all the success possible in your work for the future.

Yours very truly,

The Artisan Staff, June '14.

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HIGH CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY

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Vera Hansen

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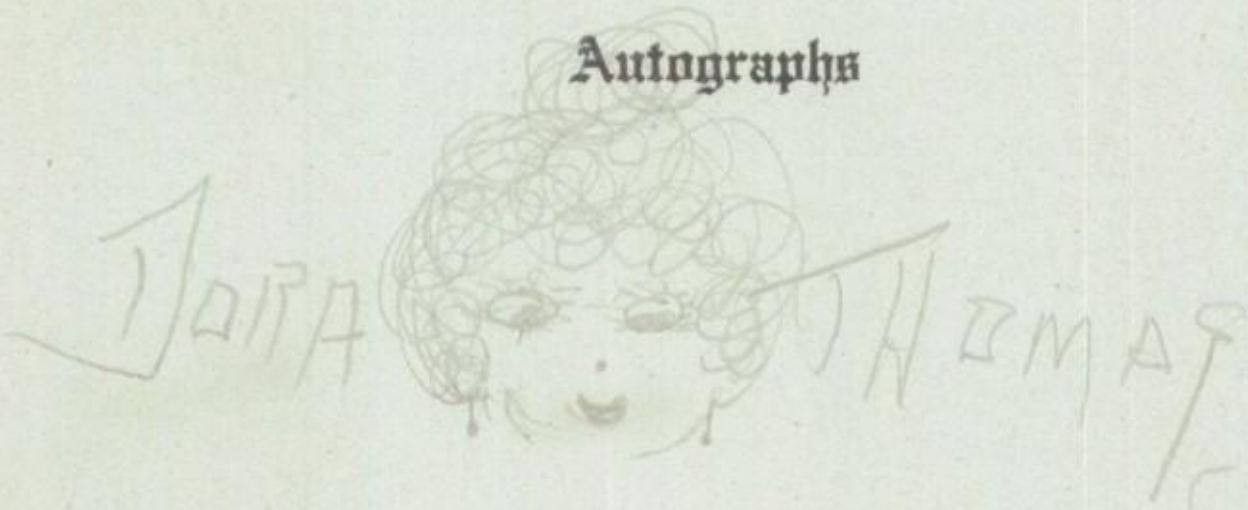
Autographs



Wayne Storm